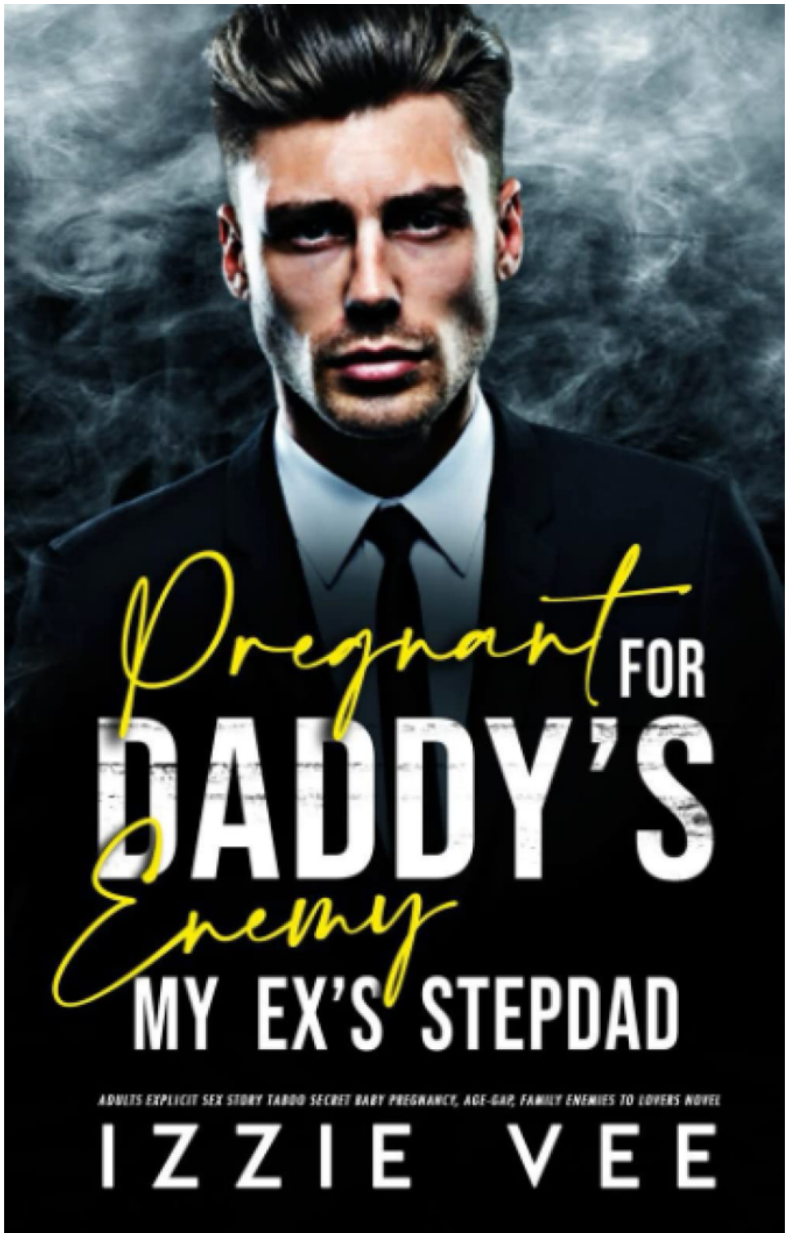
Pregnant FOR
DADDY'S
Enemy
MY EX'S STEPDAD
ADULTS EXPLICIT SEX STORY TABOO SECRET BABY PREGNANCY, AGE-GAP, FAMILY ENEMIES TO LOVERS NOVEL
IZZIE VEE

Pregnant for Daddy's Enemy: My Ex's Stepdad – Adults Explicit Sex Story

Taboo Secret Baby Pregnancy, Age-Gap, Family Enemies to Lovers Novel

Steamy, Forced & Forbidden Romance

IZZIE VEE

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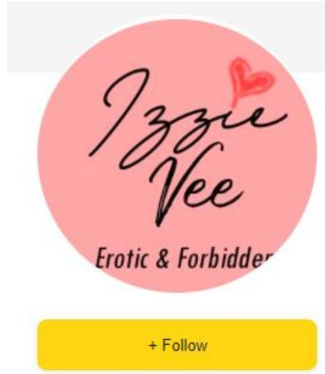

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Prologue

Diana

I stepped out of my boyfriend's Tesla and immediately caught the look on his face as he came to my side. "Why do you seem more nervous than me?" I smiled, nudging Connor in the side.

He laughed and cleared his throat before he rubbed the nape of his neck. "Er, you know how Bruce Allen is," he said.

My brows furrowed. "Yes, but he's your Dad; you have no reason to be nervous…"

"I wouldn't exactly call him that," he mumbled.

I flashed him a narrow look. "Stepdad. Whatever. Point is, I should be the nervous one meeting your family for the first time."

He managed a stiff smile and narrowed his gaze toward the Allen mansion. I could see that something was up with Connor, and I wasn't sure this was the perfect time to confront him about it, but I was curious.

I stopped and clutched my purse tighter. “Conn, is there something else bothering you?” I asked, my brows furrowing, watching as he stopped, suddenly pale in the face.

“Er– I …” he trailed off and scratched his head. “Yeah, I –”

“Connor, sweetheart, you’re finally here!” A voice announced. Connor’s head snapped toward the house, his attention drifting as a smile blossomed on his face. I turned to look, and my gaze caught sight of the glorious silhouette of the woman who was at the doorway with her ravishing curves.

Connor was already making his way toward her, a smile on his face that couldn’t be mistaken. I pulled in a deep breath as my gaze roamed over the mansion for the first time. It was 90s styled and undoubtedly built to intimidate its visitors with its beige walls and huge windows all lit with light streaming through. Paula Allen stood at the pediment in all her beautiful glory, in front of the large wooden door framed by pilasters. She didn’t look a day over thirty with her high cheekbones, blonde hair and blue eyes. She

was literally the standard… and fuck; even I seemed to dim in her presence.

She pulled apart from her son and glanced at me, the smile faltering a bit as she gave me a quick once-over. I picked at my nails, my cheeks suddenly starting to hurt from smiling so long.

"Mrs. Allen, it's a pleasure to finally meet you," I said, breaking the awkward silence.

Connor quickly cleared his throat. "Oh er– Mom, this is Diana. My er – my girlfriend."

A tight smile appeared on her lips before she stepped forward and stretched out her hands. My heart fluttered, but not wanting to miss the opportunity, I moved into her arms and accepted the hug. There was some tension there like it didn't feel natural, but I figured we were both just awkward.

"It's nice to meet you, Dina," Paula Allen said as she broke free, her flowery perfume lingering.

"Diana–" I corrected.

"Where's Bruce?" Connor cut in.

“Oh, he was on a call; he should be down shortly. Come in, come in,” she said as she stepped to the side and allowed us access inside the house, which was just as striking as the outside and no doubt radiating with opulence and sophistication. We stopped in the foyer, my four-inch heels tapping on the polished marble with its geometric patterns that complemented the pristine white walls.

The dark-stained staircases created a bit of contrast, along with the entry table with a luscious flower arrangement.

Just then, Bruce Allen came down the west wing of the stairs and caught my attention. He was dressed in a black suit while he continued to scroll on his phone, taking his time without acknowledging those in his presence. I swallowed hard as I tried to keep my composure, mentally reminding myself that he wasn’t just a regular jaw-dropping, handsome forty-four-year-old man – he was my boyfriend’s stepdad and the person my dad disliked the most – which meant I should hate him too, right?

“The kids are here, Bruce,” Paula Allen

said as she rushed to his side, slipping her slender hands around his elbow as she shimmied her way closer to him.

He finally looked up, looked at her and then he looked from Connor to me. My heart plummeted even faster, and I wasn't even sure why.

"I see," he said, his green eyes planted on me for a lingering second before a muscle ticked in his jaw, and I almost shuddered at the sudden change in his face.

"This is Diana–"

"Diana Dunkley. Of course," he said under his breath, and I shifted a little. His gaze shifted to Connor. "When you said you were bringing a girl home, the last person I expected was a Dunkley."

My brows furrowed. "What's that supposed to mean?" I asked, crossing my arms, the fluttery feeling fading.

Paula Allen's head popped up as she looked from her husband to me.

"It's pretty obvious that the Dunkleys and the Allen's have been rivals for years. I'd

think you'd know that, Connor."

Connor scratched his head. "Well, technically, I'm not an Allen," he shrugged.

"You are when it suits you," Bruce cut in pointedly.

"How about we head to the dining area. I'm sure dinner is ready," Paula Allen said as she pulled on Bruce's arm and began to lead the way. I scoffed as I looked at Connor, who shook his head and walked toward the dining room. I already knew this was going to be a shit night.

**

We were seated at a large rectangular table about five minutes later, the clinking of utensils grating on the silence in the room. I didn't dare start a conversation because I was already regretting even coming here. I tried to distract myself with the minimalism of the Allen home – how the furniture was sparse but how each piece could undoubtedly pay off someone's tuition. The lighting in the dining area was warmer than that in the foyer and gave off a warm, cozy feeling, but I had to

remind myself that this was the Allens' and there was nothing warm or cozy about them. Well, except Connor.

I glanced at him and frowned when I saw the way he gobbled up the food like he had not eaten a day since birth. His cheeks were packed, and he was slouched so much over the plate it was as if he were trying to shorten the distance from the fork to his mouth. He used the back of his hand to wipe his mouth just as he reached over to scrape more string beans from a bowl.

My cheeks slightly burned with embarrassment as I reached for my glass of wine and took a hearty gulp.

"So, Dina, what are you studying in college?" Paula asked as she took a sip of her wine. Wine was really the only thing she had despite the table full of delicacies. Typical.

I lowered my fork, strangely happy with the distraction. "Oh, political science," I offered, watching the expression on Bruce Allen's face. He was emotionless for the most part, except for the few instances when something on his phone grabbed his interest.

But after hearing my reply, he looked up, his brows narrowed as he watched me under their thickness.

"Well, you're pretty smart then, huh," Paula smiled, her gaze shifting over my body.

"Well…"

"She is… she's basically a genius," Connor said as he swallowed, words slightly muffled by the food in his mouth. I smiled despite myself.

"Well, being a genius sounds like a whole lot of work. I've always thought it was easier to be pretty than smart," Paula quipped, a condescending smile in place.

I smiled back. "Well, fortunately for me, I'm not lacking in either department."

Connor chuckled a little, the smile fell from Paula's face, and Bruce raised a brow.

"Such a Dunkley thing to say," Bruce Allen pitched in.

I straightened my back. "What does that mean?"

"It means you're the same as your father."

“And I suppose you think you know my father based on what exactly?” I asked, growing defensive and annoyed.

He planted his phone on the table and gave me his full attention, seemingly taken off guard by my response. And my heart picked up pace again, watching the way he watched me with his intimidating green eyes.

“I’ve known your father longer than you have, and he is no better a man than he was twenty-five years ago.”

“For you to sit there and say that means you know absolutely nothing about him. My father has contributed significantly to this City and to the lives of countless people-”

“By cheating and manipulating and dragging many others down in the process,” he cut in, his voice an octave louder than before.

I gawked at him blatantly as my chest rose and fell with my angry intakes of breath. “And what have you even done for the City?” I sneered. “All you’ve done is hoard your money or spend it on a string of flashy females whose names you don’t even bother to get to know.

You being married now doesn't change the fact that you're a womanizing asshole who just knows his way around women more than he does a conference room."

"That's enough!" Paula Allen exclaimed. "How dare you come into our home and insult us like this?!"

I frowned as I pulled back from the table, the screech piercing as I stood. "Take me home!" I barked at Connor.

He shook his head and sighed. "Come on, Diana…" he looked up at me, lips greasy. "Just sit, please, you don't need to defend yourself."

"Diana here has certainly overstayed her welcome, and don't sit there and pretend like she's the idea you have in mind when you think long term, Connor. Come on, you can do better than an entitled, disrespectful, Daddy's girl," Bruce said, and I fumed even harder.

I was about to walk away seeing Connor's hesitance, but Bruce's comment made me curious about what Connor's response would be. I watched as a small silence passed between us, the way Connor's

cheeks slightly reddened when he realized he was in the hot seat. My brows furrowed at his hesitance, and I could feel my lips set into a grim line as the seconds passed with him not saying anything.

I scowled, my body consumed with heat at the anger currently blazing through me. Deciding not to waste another second in this God-forbidden place, I grabbed my purse, almost knocking the glass of unfinished wine off the table.

I was almost out the door, my footsteps heavy, my breathing just as such, when I heard footsteps behind me. I knew it was Connor, but I didn't stop to confirm it.

"Come on – Diana, can you just hold on a sec?"

I turned so fast, I almost stumbled, my hair whipping across my face. "How could you just sit there and let him talk to me like that?" I exclaimed.

He scratched his head again and stood there speechless for a few seconds. Did this man have lice?

"I mean, Bruce is a jackass, and I was

just trying to enjoy not having to have ramen or fast food for once," he shrugged.

My brows furrowed, my mouth open. "What?"

"Look, you weren't exactly the victim back there, you were pretty disrespectful at parts too."

I gawked at him. "So I was just supposed to sit there like some idiot and listen to him drag my family's name through the mud? Are you kidding me?!"

He dragged his fingers through his messy hair and sighed. "Can we just go, please…?"

I swallowed and crossed my arms. "No, not until you explain to me what's been going on with you these past couple of days. You're acting different, and I don't like it. I especially didn't like it tonight, so you're going to stand there and explain to me why you didn't say anything when your stepdad said I'm not your idea of long-term."

He shook his head. "Well, who says you have to like it, Diana? The world doesn't revolve around you, you know?"

I gasped. “Who said it did?”

“You have this holier than thou attitude that sucks sometimes, and I’m pretty sure you know it.”

A burning lump formed in the back of my throat as I stood there wondering when it even got to this. “The only thing I know right now is the mistake I made coming here,” I said as I turned to leave. “Take me home… now.” I turned on my heels and moved toward the car. This time, I didn’t hear Connor’s footsteps behind me.

“I can’t do this anymore?” He exclaimed.

I slowed, I paused – I stopped altogether, my heart on a racecourse again. My lips trembled, but I quickly clamped them tightly shut as I slowly turned to face Connor once again.

“What?”

He had his hands in his pockets, his head now lowered. “I can’t– this isn’t working out, Diana.”

“You may want to expound on that,

Connor," I gritted out.

He scoffed and looked up, shaking his head a little so the hair fell back from his face. "This – us. I can't do it anymore. I think we should…" he trailed off and lowered his head to the ground again.

I clenched my teeth hard because that was the only thing preventing me from a breakdown. I walked toward him and stopped right in front of him, staring up at his curly mass of blonde hair.

"Anything you have to say to me, Connor, you say it. Like a man and not like some fucking child!" I exclaimed.

"We're done," he snapped, eyes on me now, looking as cold as Bruce Allen's. "I don't think we're good together or will ever be. I want to stop feeling like a complete wuss when I'm around you."

I raised a brow, daring not to blink. "Oh, I'm sure you don't need me for that, but good to know."

He scoffed. "You just don't know how to…" he trailed off. "Anyway, I think I'm falling for someone else."

I took a step back as if I had been slapped. This hurt more than it should, but I'd be dammed if I allowed Connor any sort of satisfaction throughout this.

"So you bring me here to meet your family only to admit you've been cheating on me?"

He raked his hands through his hair. "I wasn't cheating. I haven't cheat–"

"Then how did you suddenly have feelings for someone else? Cheating is more than just fucking someone you know!"

His Adam's apple bobbed. The lighting was dim, but that much I could see. "I thought I could do this, I thought I could convince myself that this could work, but it won't. I'll never feel masculine enough around you. You're hot as fuck, and maybe the most beautiful woman there is, but you're a fucking bitch, sometimes, Diana, and I just don't think I'm equipped to handle it – handle you."

I held my breath and stood there silently, watching as the emotions passed across his face. "Sorry," he said before he dragged his feet on the concrete walkway and

turned toward the house. When the door closed behind him, the tears came tumbling down.

"Fuck!" I exclaimed shakily, digging into my purse for my phone to call an Uber.

A fucking year wasted.

Chapter 1

Two years later

Diana

Bruce Allen, Billionaire and most handsome man alive!

I bit my lips as I peered on my computer screen and read all the juicy details about Bruce Allen's life. This was an article from a year ago but had seemingly resurfaced when he divorced his wife, Paula Allen, just a couple of months ago.

My eyes were glued to the screen – particularly on the photo of him that they used. He was fully dressed in his black suit, a few buttons of his undershirt loose, revealing his curly chest hair underneath. He had that smug smirk on, his eyes smoldering as he looked right at the camera and into my soul. His salt and pepper hair was thick and neatly combed back from his angular face, and I knew then that the article was right. Bruce Allen was, without a doubt, the most

handsome man in the world.

I hugged my shoulders and curled up on the sofa, trying my best to pretend like we didn't know each other or the fact that my family didn't hate him and vice versa. But in my head, there was a fantasy… a fantasy where none of that mattered, and it was just me and Bruce Allen… alone, having the time of our lives.

Which was completely nuts considering the way things went down two years ago when I had dated his stepson. Truth was, I should've hated him with everything I had in me, seeing he clearly hated my family. But after that night, my research of Bruce Allen became a little unhealthy. I was hell-bent on proving myself right by wanting to confirm that he was, in fact, an asshole. But I was wrong for the most part and had developed a slight obsession for the man who had plagued my dreams and my thoughts.

"What are you doing?" Kelly asked as she flopped down beside me on the sofa.

I slammed the laptop shut and cleared my throat, turning toward her. "Oh, I was just

reviewing a speech for my dad. Ready to watch that movie?" I asked, scratching my head and wanting this not to feel as awkward as it did.

Kelly squinted her eyes and smiled as she looked at me, simultaneously throwing skittles into her mouth. "You were not reviewing a speech, Diana. Tell me what it was," she said, humor in her voice.

"It's nothing," I said, shrugging.

A grin split her face. "You were stalking Bruce Allen online, weren't you?"

My lips parted to deny it, but what was the use? Kelly already knew I liked him. "Yes," I confirmed.

She laughed. "You've got it so bad!"

I groaned. "It's pathetic, isn't it? I mean, I dated his stepson for a while, and after the way he treated me that night when Connor and I broke up, I still can't believe that I still find this man attractive."

"Well, he is a fine man, and there's nothing wrong with going to bed and masturbating about being with him," she said,

smirking.

I rolled my eyes and slapped a cushion over my face. “I can’t believe I told you that. I’m starting to regret it every single day.”

Kelly giggled. “I think you should go for it.”

My brows furrowed. “Go for what exactly?”

“Bruce. I mean, you’re both single now and look at you… you’re a bombshell!”

I laughed. “Kellz, are you hearing yourself? Okay, yes fine, Bruce Allen is the man of my wet dreams, but he is also twice my age, my ex’s stepdad and the man who’s been butting heads with my father for decades. It’s insane, and I can’t even…” I trailed off and sighed. “I’m fine with him being just a fantasy. Nothing else can happen.”

Kelly sighed and shrugged. “Well, it was worth the try. Can we start the movie now?”

I nodded as I shrunk further into my seat and looked toward the tv. But that was the last thing on my mind. I began to ponder what Kelly had said about giving this a

chance. It was ridiculous and close to impossible, but for a moment, I filled my head with the possibility of it being true, even for one night. Then it wouldn't be just a fantasy anymore – it would become a reality and maybe I'd satiate whatever craving I felt for the man.

"Still on for bar hopping on Saturday?" Kelly asked, snapping me out of my thoughts.

"Y- yeah, of course."

"Great, and who knows, maybe you'll find another man to scratch that Bruce Allen itch you have," she grinned.

I rolled my eyes. "I wouldn't count on it."

**

Saturday rolled around quickly, and before I knew it, I was at home, digging through my closet in search of something to wear. I still heard Kelly's voice in the back of my head, and I knew she was right somehow. If I

couldn't have the man I wanted, maybe I could have someone else. Maybe I could have sex with someone else with Bruce Allen in mind, and maybe it would be good.

Plus, it had been two years since Connor and two years since I'd been with another man. It wasn't because I was still hung up on Connor – never that, but with being so busy with work and trying to put myself out there to jumpstart a stable career, there was really never any time. That and the fact that, after the breakup, my slight obsession with Bruce Allen began, and I just never allowed myself to think about anyone else but him…until now.

I couldn't believe I was even considering this, but here I was, looking for the sexiest dress to wear in hopes of picking up someone at this random club where we'd just have sex and never see each other again. Sounded simple enough.

I sighed as I pulled out a short, bodycon dress and decided that it was the one. I slipped into it, brushed my hair down and stood before the mirror, staring at myself. I couldn't

remember a time when I dressed this provocatively, but here I was, ready to take the plunge into the unknown.

I sent out a quick text to Kelly, who had agreed to meet me at the bar and left my penthouse, feeling a bit jittery. Once I got there, I sighed. The bar was a familiar one and one we had frequented many times because it radiated opulence and had often served as an avenue for Kelly to meet single, rich bachelors.

I stepped inside the air-conditioned room and welcomed the light chatter, the clinking of glasses and the mix of perfumes. I went straight to the counter, took a seat and ordered my first round of margaritas.

**

I glanced at my phone and realized I'd been sitting here for fifteen minutes too long. With a scoff, I dialed my best friend's number, shaking my legs under the bar counter as I awaited an answer.

"Hey, D… what's up?"

I frowned. "What's up? Kelly, I've been

sitting here for fifteen minutes waiting for you!" I exclaimed.

"About that… I'm sorry. It's just that…" her voice lowered. "Jeremy came over, and I sorta got distracted … y'know. I meant to call, but it fucking slipped my mind until I got this call."

I rolled my eyes. "You're better than Jeremy, and I can't believe you're back with him."

"Yeah, well … I can't just switch off my feelings like you, D. We have history, and that's hard to let go of," she said.

"Well, when history decides to repeat itself again, I'll be the one to say I told you so."

"It won't, and if it does– fuck, we're just twenty-three-year-olds. This is a part of it — the heartbreak, the men, the mistakes… all of that."

I shook my head, glancing at my drink just sitting there and thinking I needed it. "Why waste time doing all that when you can start working toward something more permanent?"

“Permanent isn’t fun, and right now, I don’t even want to think about having babies or in some corporate job with a stiff-necked husband,” she snorted.

I cleared my throat. “Whatever your decisions are in life, I just hope they’re the right ones, Kellz.”

“I’d say likewise, but we both know you’re perfect when it comes to that.” There was some humor in her voice, and I smiled.

“Well, I won’t keep you. Have fun.”

“Yeah, I’ll make it up to you, I swear.”

“I’m counting on it,” I said before I ended the call with a sigh and reached for my margarita.

I was hoping that after a tough week at work, I’d finally get to unwind with my best friend, but here I was, alone in the middle of a bar feeling sorry for myself. I glanced at the time again, thinking it was way too early to go home on a Saturday, so I ordered another drink, scrolled through my messages until something caught my attention – or rather, someone.

Bruce Allen entered the bar with an elderly man by his side, both dressed in suits and just as tall, but when you were beside a man like Bruce, you dimmed in comparison.

I reached for my glass and tucked a few strands of hair behind my ear as I watched them, trying my best not to be brazen. They moved to a small table and took a seat, a waitress immediately at their side.

The man reached for his briefcase, pulled out a few documents, and a conversation started between the two men. I had no doubt it was business. That was the order of the day with men like Bruce, and I wondered if they even allowed themselves anything more.

My thoughts drifted back to two years ago when I'd been dating Connor. That God-awful night that replayed in my head every now and then. The fact that I'd even allowed myself to get in that family left goosebumps all over my skin. I guess, in retrospect, Connor seemed like a decent human being then. He was good looking and … tolerable, and I guess I grew comfortable with that, but in the end, I

realized it to be nothing but good riddance.

Although I'd been pissed at the breakup, I thought I would've gotten over it in no time, but it took me much longer than I had expected. Connor was right, I realized. He couldn't handle me, and I didn't want to be with someone who didn't come to my defense even though he knew I was right. He was a wuss then, and I believed he was still the same now.

I pulled in a breath as I sipped on my drinks, my gaze occasionally shifting back to Bruce. It was almost half an hour later when I did so again, and our gazes met. My heart thudded in my chest, and somehow, I couldn't look away as quickly as I told myself to. It was like I was suddenly compelled. He was there, I was here, and it seemed we were the only two people that existed for a fleeting second until his eyes squinted with malice, and I had to quickly remind myself of who he was.

I tore my gaze away and downed the remaining contents in my glass before I turned my attention to the counter.

"Well, well, Diana Dunkley… how long

has it been?" A voice behind me said. I didn't need to turn to know who it was, but when I did, I saw Bruce Allen. I shifted my gaze and saw his companion moving toward the door.

I returned my gaze to Bruce, my elbow propped on the back of the chair. "Not long enough."

He scoffed as he pulled out a barstool and signaled for the waiter. "A corona, please."

I pulled in a breath. "I'm not in the mood for company– least of all yours," I said with a fake smile on my face, despite my galloping heart. He proceeded to sit, his body turned in my direction.

"Well, if you didn't want to be bothered, you should have stayed home," he quipped nonchalantly.

I resisted the urge to roll my eyes as I signaled for the bartender to get me another drink. Truth was, I should have been heading home, but somehow, I anticipated this bantering with Bruce. I anticipated his presence because even that alone brought me some sort of satisfaction.

“Water, please…” I said instead.

“You look like you could do with something stronger,” he said.

I shifted on my chair. “What I could really do with is some peace and quiet, but here we are,” I said as I flashed him a firm gaze.

He chuckled at that. “Listen, we might have gotten off on a bad start a few years ago–”

“That’s one way of putting it…” I mumbled.

“But I’m sure you’re better off without Connor…”

I scowled as I looked at him, his green gaze locking with mine. “Definitely. And I’m sure he’s better off without you.”

He took a swig of his beer. “Probably. All that’s water under the bridge now, don’t you think?”

“Not really. My relationship with Connor aside, you made it pretty clear that night that you hated me and my family. And if my memory serves me right, I remember you

calling me an *entitled, disrespectful daddy's girl,*" I flashed him a fake smile, gauging his expression.

Our gazes met again, and there was still that smug expression on his face hinting that he didn't give a rat's ass about what I was saying, which infuriated me. He toyed with his beer before he pulled in a breath and straightened in his chair.

"You know, Connor and I might not have worked out, but I'm sure you didn't help matters either. You shot me down without even trying to get to know me."

"I know your father, and in that generation, I'm always certain that the apple doesn't fall far from the tree."

My brows furrowed in disbelief as I shook my head, my mouth opening to counteract, but Bruce decided to continue.

"And two years later, I know I'm right. Your father is heading into politics, and look at you, right by his side."

My head snapped towards him. "I studied politics in school long before my father decided to run for mayor, and what me

and my family do with our lives is no concern of yours. We don't go to bed at nights thinking about your opinion." But I did think of other things, though, things that couldn't even be whispered.

He raised a brow and downed his beer. But he had that look on his face that left me unsettled. I swallowed.

"I see it now… why it would never work between you and Connor," his gaze drifted from my face for maybe the first time and did a quick once over of my body. My legs were crossed and that had allowed my dress to fall further down my legs, exposing more of my skin than I was comfortable with. His gaze lingered there for a moment, and heat filled my body – primal heat that I hadn't even felt before.

Finally, his eyes met mine again, and I held my breath. "You were no match for him," he said, gaze brooding. "Connor is too soft, too insecure… and what you need, Ms. Dunkley is someone who knows exactly how to put you in your place."

My heart fluttered in a way that made

me almost gasp. But I straightened in my chair and looked right at him. “Well, since you’re doing an evaluation on my past relationship, it’s only fair that I do the same.”

“Go ahead.”

“I think Paula Allen appeased you the longest, but just like the string of women in your past, you got bored of her, too, and decided to call it quits.”

He raised a brow. “Is that so? You seem like a woman well-versed in my personal affairs. I don’t know if I’m impressed or scared.”

“Just an observation. You’re a player, and I know I’m right. As soon as you got divorced, you were on the playing field again.”

He chuckled. “Now it sounds like you’ve been keeping tabs on me, Ms. Dunkley.”

I swallowed. “I don’t have much of a choice when you headline every single tabloid.”

“You don’t peg me as the type to keep up with tabloids.”

“I don’t,” I quickly said before a pregnant silence fell between us. It gave me a chance to pick up on his intoxicating scent that lingered in the air between us. My mouth immediately watered, and I grew heady with the smell that reminded me of wood, with a hint of sweetness. It was deep, rich and complex – undoubtedly just like the man who wore it.

“I want to call a truce,” he said, slightly shifting in his chair, looking straight at me. “I was wrong to judge you based on your family, and I apologize for how things went down between us when you dated Connor.”

My brows furrowed as I sat there, wondering if I was actually hearing things correctly. It was possible that I was daydreaming like I had done countless times over Bruce Allen, and so I blinked twice, but there he was, awaiting a response from me. Then it hit me; Bruce Allen was really apologizing to me.

“Should I maybe call 911?” I teased, feeling the smile tug at my lips when confusion marred his chiseled face. “I can’t

imagine how hard that might have been for you. Might have taken a strain on your heart."

He threw his head back and chuckled, his deep, husky tone hitting me with a sense of warmth and joy that spread all the way to my toes. I'd never seen this man laugh like this, and I had to admit, it wasn't the worse thing. I couldn't take my eyes off him or the way his cheeks became a shade darker, the way his eyes glistened. He was perfect. God.

"Now that's a good one," he said as he cleared his throat, a big smile in place and his white, pearly teeth on full display. "I'm definitely not the *asshole* you think I am, Ms. Dunkley."

I knew he wasn't now after doing my research on him two years ago. Apart from his large appetite for women, he didn't seem to have any other flaw. His work in the City was outstanding and even expanded beyond L.A. But I wasn't going to tell him that even after an apology.

I pulled in a breath. "I should get going." That was the excuse I had to use, not because I was losing in a tit for tat with Bruce

Allen, but because I simply could not stand another second of being this close to him, of smelling his heady perfume and not just collapse into his arms.

"You know what, Diana?" My name on his lips sounded so sinful, I almost shivered.

I paused. "What?"

"Maybe I just haven't found the right woman as yet. Someone to convince you that I don't just hop from one woman to the next without reason."

Our gazes held, and all of a sudden, it was like I could hear my own heartbeat plundering in my ear. The pull was unexplainable, and so was the heat that consumed my body. I'd been of aware Bruce Allen for years and had always found him insanely attractive, but right now, it felt different. Like every inch of me called out for him.

But that couldn't be possible, could it? This was Bruce Allen, my ex's stepdad and my family's most hated rival.

I slid from my chair and stood, Bruce stood, too, and we almost bumped into each

other. I craned my neck to look up at him, his dark green eyes seemed almost black now. His musky, masculine scent filled my nostrils, and my knees grew weak, my entire body having a reaction of its own. He didn't take his eyes off me, and I didn't take mine off him. We stood there in silence, breathing in each other, trying to ignore the pull that wanted me to close the space between us and finally live out a fantasy I had kept for years. My eyes fell to his lips, and I almost squirmed with the need that pulsed through me. I wanted nothing more than to just go on tippy toes like a teenager, pull him closer and press my lips to his. He had to be a good kisser, I just knew it, and I wished I was brave enough to find out for myself.

"Come home with me," he said.

I swallowed, feeling breathless, my cheeks burning. "What makes you think I'd want to do that?"

"Because despite our differences, I know you feel this too. I can't be the only one." His voice was low and husky, and I was melting in his presence. He was right, I did feel it, and

the realization that he did, too, made me flood with heat.

I sucked on my bottom lips for a second, contemplating what he said, but there was no denying that I wanted him. He was right. Even for a night.

"Let's go."

He smiled.

Chapter 2

Diana

I paused in my tracks as I got out of his car and feasted my eyes on the Allen mansion for the first time in two years. That one night came back to me in a flicker, but this time, it wasn't Connor standing with me outside the house. It was Bruce.

I had thought that the drive here would knock some sense into me, but I was even more aroused now. I wanted him even more. I knew that this would come back to bite me in the ass one day, but right now, Bruce was the only thing I wanted on my ass.

I turned to face him when he came up behind me and interlaced his fingers with mine. My breath hitched in my throat, and my heart lurched as our skin made contact. His touch was soft and washed me with a delirious mix of desire and anticipation.

I swallowed hard as I met his gaze.

“Everything okay?” He asked.

“What are we doing?”

“What we both want,” he said. “You can head back home, Diana, or you can stay and let me show you an amazing time.”

I bit my lips and smiled up at him before I tiptoed to kiss him, feeling the warmth that immediately consumed me as our bodies brushed against each other. Our breaths mingled, and I slowly parted my lips in nervous anticipation before Bruce leaned further in and pressed his lips to mine. I closed my eyes and released a sigh when his tongue brushed against mine, filling me with warmth and longing. His lips were as soft as they looked, and he was gentler than I ever imagined, which was a nice surprise. A moan threatened to spill when he wrapped his hands around me and pulled me even closer, forcing me to feel the hardness of his body against mine and an unmistakable erection that made the area between my legs flood with heat.

I deepened the kiss and laced my fingers through his hair, loving the way his silky soft hair ran through my fingers while his tongue

danced with mine.

But I knew better. I knew this shouldn't be happening even though my body craved for him. I pulled apart and shook my head, touching my lips before I looked back up at him.

Bruce seemed confused but didn't get the chance to get a word out because I immediately fled to my car, slamming the door shut and breathing heavily. My hands were on the steering wheel, and I was ready to start up the ignition and head home, but I just found myself staring blankly into the night, my thoughts racing.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and glanced at the front door, where Bruce still had not left. He was there, staring at me, maybe wondering what I was going to do next and probably hoping I stayed.

I bit my lips and muttered a curse, knocking my head back against the seat a few times before I sighed. If I really wanted to go, I should have been gone by now, but deep down, I didn't want to. I wanted to stay and fulfill that fantasy I had long craved. I wanted

to know what it felt like to have Bruce's body against me; I wanted it all. I was here already, wasn't I? I had already lost myself in that kiss; what harm would come if I lost myself in everything else? It was just one night, one night to live out my fantasy and be with a man I wanted to be with – no strings attached. We were both adults, and we both wanted this, so why not?

I pulled in a breath and glanced back to his front door and realized he had closed it. I pushed my car door open and stepped out, walking purposely to his front door, where I knocked and waited for him to answer.

It was pulled open shortly after, which made me wonder if he had even left in the first place. His lips tugged into a smile, and I couldn't help my own as I looked up to him.

"I want this."

Wordlessly, he pushed the door open wider, allowing me space to enter.

**

We went to his bedroom, and my eyes

did a quick scan of the interior. The king-sized bed was the centerpiece of the room, with a headboard of quality and grandeur. Two bedside tables stood at opposite ends, both decorated with a single white lamp that gave little contrast against the cream-colored walls. The bathroom was adjacent to the sleeping area, and at the other end was a glass sliding door draped with thick curtains that I was certain led to a balcony.

Bruce closed the door behind him, and it was as if everything became real.

He came up behind me and wrapped his huge hands around my stomach, setting off the butterflies that were there. I gasped as his warm breath fanned against my neck, his mouth following suit. I arched my neck and closed my eyes, allowing him to suckle on my skin while liquid heat rushed through me. He was so warm against me, and I felt so secure as he ran his hand up beneath my dress and against my skin. He was just inches away from my bare tits, and the anticipation was killing me.

I took his hand and led him to them, too

anxious to wait any longer. As soon as his big, warm hands closed in over the firm swell of my breast, I gasped, and my knees almost buckled with the pleasure that consumed me.

"So perfect," he said. "As if they were meant for my hands only."

My heart fluttered at that. His fingers roamed over my other breast, where he gave it the same treatment as he had done the other. I moaned, holding my breath as his hands trailed down and moved beneath my panties.

"Oh," was the only thing that left my lips, my knees buckling when Bruce's fingers found my lips and parted them with a single finger. My cheeks burned, and my breath came out in short pants as he caressed my most sensitive area.

"God, you're so wet for me already," he said huskily, his voice almost unrecognizable.

It was only then did I feel the hardness of his erection poking against me. My body flooded with more liquid heat as I pondered the idea of having him inside me. He already felt so big, but I was so wet, I only hoped I could take him. As he rubbed my clit, I pooled

more juices, my body on such high alert that I thought I would surely pass out before it got to that stage.

"Please," I said. "I want you so much."

But he didn't stop. He continued to rub my clit, his finger occasionally slipping inside my wetness until I was sure my heart would burst out of my chest. I moaned as Bruce increased his pace, his other hand on my tits with his mouth still at my neck. I couldn't make sense of all the pleasure that assailed my body. It was too much that I felt close enough to tears. But I didn't want to actually cry; I just realized that that's what it felt like to have the most glorious orgasm of your life. My knees buckled, and my entire body went to mush as pleasure bolted through me. Bruce still continued to suckle on my neck, and I was sure it would leave a mark later.

"Oh, my God," I exclaimed in the aftermath of my orgasm, turning to him just as he slipped his fingers from me.

I faced him and realized his eyes had darkened to lust, his face slightly flushed, his lips a bright pink. He held up his fingers that

he had used to finger me, and I blushed, seeing the wetness that coated two of the digits.

He moved it toward my mouth, and as if compelled by a force of pleasure, I opened my mouth and sucked my wetness from him, all the while looking into his eyes. As he pulled them away, he replaced them with his lips, licking the taste from my mouth. A newfound arousal invaded my body yet again, and this time it was stronger than the last because, more than anything, I knew for a fact that I would have his cock this time around.

Bruce reached up and peeled my dress over my head, leaving my top half naked to his hungry gaze and touch. He then peeled off his own clothes, his eyes latched on me as they drank in the sight of my hardened nipples.

I was now left in just my panties. Panties that had a visibly wet crotch that he couldn't seem to take his eyes off.

"Fuck you're gorgeous," he said, his pecs flexing as he pulled at his buckle and pushed his pants down his narrow hips. His

manhood strained against his boxers – a huge lump between his legs – and I became a little wetter at the sight.

"Do you want to touch me just as I touched you?" He asked, standing there with every inch of him pure muscle.

I nodded and swallowed, momentarily glancing at his face before my gaze returned to his midsection. I stepped a bit closer and ran my hand over his clothed crotch, the hardness making my heart soar.

"Take it off."

I went down on my knees and pulled his boxers down his toned legs, gasping when his girthy cock sprang free. I was on eye level with it, completely marveled by the sight. He was girthy but was also long with tight balls and veins that ran across the length, stopping short of the smooth, pink head. I swallowed the saliva that had pooled in my mouth and slid my hand across the soft, hairless skin. It throbbed, and I salivated at the sight again. I wanted so much to … taste it.

I held the base of his manhood and opened my mouth wide as I took in the tip. He

filled the corners of my lips as they slid against the smooth column, taking in as much of him as I could. I could only manage to go halfway before I slid back and sucked on the slightly salty tip. I couldn't believe I was doing this, but my brain was fogged with desire, and all that made sense was everything happening at this moment.

Saliva gushed from my mouth and pooled on his cock before I sucked it all off and went down on him again. When my cheeks started to hurt, I pulled apart for a second and used my hand to massage his length. I looked up at him, and he had a smile on his face that made me feel encouraged to go again.

I did, opening my mouth wider to take him deeper.

"Nice and easy, baby," he said as he slowly shoved his length further into my mouth. I held my breath and felt my eyes begin to water.

Bruce's fingers raked through my hair, holding my head in place while I struggled on his cock. He pulled himself from me, his

length dripping with spit.

He pulled me from the floor and to my feet, palming my face with his hands.

"I want to be inside you," he said, and I burned a bit hotter.

He kissed me, and I felt it all the way to my toes before he pried himself apart and directed me toward the bed.

He made me settle on all fours at the edge, and I jutted my ass to meet him. My heart was pounding as I awaited what would happen next. Bruce tore my panties in a sudden rip, and I gasped at the unexpectedness of it. Still, it wasn't completely shredded, just enough so my pussy was on full display to him.

I looked over my shoulder and watched as he guided his cock to my entrance. I bit my lips and mewled as his hardness parted my flesh, and with one hard thrust, he was inside me.

I moaned at the pain and pleasure that doubled over inside me. I was no virgin, but his size made me feel like it was my first time.

Bruce paused, and I held my breath. “Please don’t stop,” I said. I wanted everything. I wanted all of him.

He was silent for a second. “I promise to make this good for you,” he said as he reached for my ass cheeks and spread them apart with a firm squeeze. I moaned as he started to rock back and forth into me, his length filling me with the sweetest invasion that I couldn’t even make sense of.

I felt so great, even though it felt like he was going to split me open at any second. But the longer his cock gently slid back and forth inside me, the more the pleasure started to expand inside of me. I gripped the sheets as he increased his pace just a little, his manhood moving further inside me. My flesh hugged him tightly, and he muttered a curse, squeezing my cheeks tighter as he fucked me.

Each stroke felt as if it reached my heart as I perched there panting. I gripped the sheets and buried my face in the pillow as Bruce went deeper and deeper inside me.

It felt like I was going to lose my mind at any second.

“How does that feel?” He asked.

“So good,” I managed, followed by a moan.

“You feel so tight around me.”

My flesh clamped around him at his word, and I whimpered. “A bit faster?” I begged, but two hard and fast strokes later, I was reaching my hand behind me, begging him to slow down.

He rubbed my ass with his warm hands and pulled all the way out, flipping me over on my back. My face flushed red as I looked into his face and then at his cock, which was covered with my juices. Bruce parted my legs and sunk deep inside me, my mouth opening wide the further and deeper he went.

I closed my eyes and mewled in ecstasy, reaching up to glide my fingers over his taut chest. He leaned into me and kissed me on the lips, his chest grazing mine as his hips rolled with his thrusts.

My body was a furnace, and the pleasure building up inside me was like no other. I didn’t want this to end.

Bruce fucked me until I was so wet I could hear the loud squelch of my pussy whenever he moved inside me. His cock slid within me with more ease, and my walls hugged him for the bliss he provided. I gasped when he started hitting a spot that sent rivulets of pleasure through my body. It was like a little button that brought me the most pleasure.

"Oh yes, yes, Bruce!" I exclaimed, my fingers digging into his back while the other hand went to his firm buttocks to press him further inside me.

I swallowed, my throat seemingly parched. "Harder, please," I cried, and he obliged, repeatedly hitting that spot inside me that had me whimpering like a newborn.

"You feel so amazing!" He exclaimed, his voice husky.

He held onto my leg and spread it further, wanting more space to rut inside me. I cried out over and over again until the pleasure began to overrun inside me. There was not much more I could take, and so I came hard, on the verge of tears, my orgasm

taking me by storm.

My body convulsed, and Bruce grunted, sinking himself to the hilt before he dispensed his seed inside me. My body shuddered as I collected every last drop, a single tear falling from the corner of my eyes.

I felt so light and free, it was insane. It was like I was given the strongest dose of ecstasy, and my body was now in a state of bliss.

He pulled out, and I closed my legs, shuffling further up on the bed. Bruce sighed as he settled beside me, pulling me into him to spoon me.

I smiled in contentment, my eyes fluttering as I mentally declared this as the best night of my life.

“You are mine now, Diana,” was the last thing I heard before I drifted off to sleep.

**

Before I even opened my eyes, fret flooded me. I wondered if I had made one of the

biggest mistakes of my life, and if I did, I knew there was no going back. I wanted to kick myself for being so impulsive and so stupid. I had never acted out of character this bad before, and to top it all off, it was with Bruce Allen, Bruce Allen out of all the men in the world. Could I ever forgive myself for making such a mistake?

I finally opened my eyes, hoping to do a quick escape before he realized, but as soon as I propped up in the bed, I slapped my hand over my chest and gasped when I saw him there staring right at me.

"Gosh, are you always this creepy after sex?" I mumbled as I pulled the sheets off to cover myself, wandering around the room in search of my clothes.

He chuckled. "I was enjoying the peace and quiet before you woke up and started spitting daggers," he said.

I rolled my eyes and grabbed my dress from the floor. Truth was, my heart was beating fast, my hands felt sweaty, and there was still that fluttery feeling in my stomach. Last night had been one of the best times of

my life, but Bruce Allen couldn't know that. It was something I had to keep to myself.

"I should get going," I said as I held my clothes to my body and glanced at Bruce looking all delicious in the bed, completely naked, every single muscle and body part exposed. In that moment I didn't know whether to regret taking the sheets or not.

"You don't have to leave," he said.

"Of course, I do. We probably shouldn't have done this," I rebutted, pulling up my dress in a hurry.

"I don't regret it," he said as he eased up on the bed and pulled on his boxers. I did everything in my power not to stare.

"Of course, you don't," I mumbled. Do men ever regret sex? "We can't do this again. It's better if we pretend like none of this ever happened."

"Come on Diana, we had a good time. What's the problem?"

"The problem is that I shouldn't have been stupid enough to paint myself as another notch on your rather large bedpost. You're the

last freaking person I should be in bed with!"

He got up and moved toward me. "Come on…"

I took a few steps back because I knew that if he dared touch me again, I didn't think I had enough restraint to tell him to stop. "No…" I shook my head. "This was just a one-night stand. We had a good time, it's over, and it can never happen again. Matter of fact, I – I don't want to see you again," I said as I looked up at him.

The muscles in his jaw visibly flexed before he nodded slowly. "If that's how you feel… fine."

I swallowed the small lump in my throat. "It is. Goodbye," I said as I turned towards the door. He stood there, looking pissed – maybe because he had never experienced rejection before in his life – while I made a quick escape for the door. I still felt all floaty and giddy, but I was able to think straight enough to know that

I had done the right thing. I was caught in a moment of passion and had done something completely reckless, but it couldn't continue. It had to stop as soon as it started, and that realization seemed harder than I could ever imagine.

Pulling away from Bruce felt strange. Like it was the master of all the wrong things in the world and that I couldn't quite understand. We hated each other despite making the perfect partners in bed.

It was just a pity that this couldn't continue for a second longer. One wrong decision and I could literally ruin everything. I just hoped last night hadn't already done the trick.

"Fuck," I hissed as I brushed a few tears from my face.

Chapter 3

Diana

2 months later

I groaned as I blindly searched for my phone that rang on the nightstand. Just when I thought I'd finally get some sleep, my phone just had to ring. Maybe I just wasn't meant to have a goodnight sleep nowadays.

Without looking to see who the caller was, I slapped it to my ear and muttered a barely audible, "Hello."

"Oh, my gosh, you sound awful," Kelly's voice came, and I squeezed my eyes tighter. "I'm coming up."

"Okay."

I ended the call and pulled myself up to rest against the headboard. I still felt

like crap, and it felt like an empty pit was in my stomach from vomiting so much earlier. It felt like horrible PMS, but only there was no period or cramps — just the nausea and the feeling of dying.

I pulled myself out of the bed like a zombie, my knees a tad bit weak. I knew I looked a mess, but luckily, it was just Kelly, my best friend, who had seen me at my best and my worse.

The sound of the small ping in the living room area told me that she was up. I contemplated walking to the living room to greet her, but I was too slow, Kelly was in the bedroom before I even got the chance to stand. She paused, dressed in leggings and a sweater that swallowed up her entire top half.

“Damn, you look like a trainwreck,” she said before walking toward me and throwing her purse on a lounge chair in the corner of my room.

I rolled my eyes. “Thanks, that’s

exactly what I needed to hear right now."

She laughed lightly before she came to sit beside me on the bed. "I'm sorry but heck, D, what's up?"

I raked my fingers through my hair. "I don't know; I think I'm coming down with the flu or something," I said, hoping that at least was the truth, but I had my suspicions, which were a lot scarier than a little flu. I had even bought a test yesterday, but I'm just too terrified of what the outcome might be to actually take the test.

"You usually throw up this early in the morning with flu?" She raised a brow and I swallowed.

"What are you saying?" My heart began to beat faster. I had an idea of what this was way in the back of my head, but saying it aloud felt too close to the truth.

"D, I'm the eldest of three siblings. This seems too familiar. Are you sure you aren't pregnant?"

Bile immediately rose to my throat, and before I had the chance to reply, I was dashing to the bathroom with newfound strength, dropping over the toilet bowl before I retched what was left from my empty stomach. My stomach contracted, and I gripped the rim of the toilet, feeling the energy drain from me.

Kelly came up behind me and smoothened the hair on my head. Luckily, I had it in a ponytail, otherwise, I'd be more of a mess than I already was.

"Do you want me to get you some ginger ale? You need something to settle your stomach."

I pulled myself up. "I'm fine."

"D, tell me I'm right. You're pregnant, aren't you?"

I sighed, staring at my ghastly face in the mirror above the sink. I looked as pale as paper and even my face seemed thinner. "I don't know, Kellz?"

“Then, what’s stopping you from taking a test?” She asked.

“I don’t know,” I snapped, my voice sounding breathless. I blew out a breath as I left for the bedroom. “I bought a test yesterday, but I can’t– I just… Kellz, I don’t know that I’m ready for a baby. My career is just kicking off, I don’t have a stable relationship… I don’t know.”

“Okay, Diana, you’re spiraling, and you don’t spiral. Give yourself a minute to soak this all in. You don’t know that you’re actually pregnant. You just need to take the test to find out.”

“I’m scared,” I admitted, looking right at her while my eyes stung with the promise of tears. Of course, pregnancy crossed my mind as soon as the symptoms started, and I had bought a test to confirm. However, I didn’t want to confirm what I already knew deep down in the pit of my stomach. It was all too scary… even for me.

I bit on my nails and started to pace the room. “Okay, okay… you’re right. I need to take a test.” I marched toward the nightstand where I had stuffed the pregnancy kit earlier. I stared down at it in my hand for a fleeting second, the prospect becoming too real, and I could feel the tears well up in my eyes.

“Everything’s gonna be okay, no matter what,” Kelly said with a slight nod, a reassuring smile on her face that momentarily gave me hope that things would actually be okay.

I cleared my throat and nodded as I moved toward the bathroom for the hundredth time. “I’ll be out in a sec,” I said as I closed the door, pulled the packet open and followed the instructions.

I placed the test on the sink and pulled in a deep breath as I waited anxiously for the results. I bet Kelly was waiting patiently, too, but I couldn’t face her; not yet. Not until I got the results

back. I started to pace the small space as a dozen thoughts flew around in my head. My palms grew sweaty, and despite rubbing them against my pajama pants, they still sprang water.

I placed a thumb in my mouth and started to nibble on the already short nail, wondering how many minutes had passed. I peeped over at the test, and it was blank, making my stomach double over inside me. It felt like forever, and I knew this had to be the longest wait in my entire life.

There was no way of calming my beating heart, and I was having hot flashes as my body moved through stages. I decided to brush my teeth to scour the taste of vomit from my mouth. I did so roughly and swiftly, as if someone else was controlling my movements. Once done, I glanced at the stick sitting on the tank of the toilet. My heart fluttered, and I stiffly moved to take it up. My hands

trembled so hard I feared it would fall from my hands. One line was there, and I held my breath as I waited for the other to appear.

When a faint line appeared beside the other, I bit down on my lips and could taste the metallic taste of blood on my tongue, my heart leaping in my chest. I gasped and clutched onto the sink for support, my head suddenly spinning as I processed what this meant.

"D, is everything okay?" I heard Kelly ask, reminding me that I wasn't the only one in the house.

I swallowed the painful lump in my throat and moved toward the door, my vision blurry as I twisted the knob and faced my friend.

The stick was still in my hand, and Kelly rushed towards me, her eyes wide as she examined it. She looked up at me, and a series of emotions passed across her face. She looked happy, but then after

seeing the look on my face, she looked confused, and as she studied my expression a second longer, her expression changed to one filled with worry and concern.

"Oh, D, this isn't a bad thing," she said as she reached for my hand and ushered me toward the bed.

I pressed my palm against my forehead and shook my head. "I was so fucking stupid," I hissed, throwing the stick to the bedside table. "This is what I get for sleeping with the devil himself."

Kelly looked confused, and I realized I'd basically spilled the secret that I'd kept from my best friend for two months. Kelly knew about my Bruce Allen fantasy, but after being with him, I could not bring myself to confess. A part of me felt stupid for actually going through with it, and another part wanted me to keep it all to myself.

"Wait– who's the dad?" She asked,

craning her head to see my face.

I pulled in a breath to collect myself, trying to find the courage to tell Kelly.

“Er– two months ago, I met B-Bruce Allen in a bar and … we hooked up,” I said, my throat burning as tears threatened to spill from my eyes.

A small silence passed through the room. “Wait– Bruce Allen as in–”

I nodded quickly, not wanting to hear the words.

“Yes.”

“Fuck – wow… was it only that night, and why didn’t you tell me about it? You literally fantasized about this guy for years.”

“Yeah, I told him I didn’t want to see him again right after it happened, and I don’t know, I kinda felt ashamed to tell you,” I said.

Kelly sighed. “I can’t believe you.

Well, are you going to tell him about this?"

I bounded from the bed. "I don't know– I don't know about anything right now. I need – I need some time to process, to think things through — my dad would kill me if he found out, I–"

"I think you should just sit down and relax–"

I spun to Kelly, my eyes wide. "Kellz, how can I relax? I'm pregnant with my ex-boyfriend's stepdad!"

"Well, technically, it's also your ex-boyfriend's ex-stepdad…" she put in.

I rolled my eyes. "Still doesn't make it better," I said as I went back to biting my nails.

Kelly came up beside me and held my shoulders before she gently ushered me back to the bed. I sighed and looked down at her as she knelt before me, her big eyes staring up at me.

“Okay, let’s think about the good things here, okay?”

“Kellz–”

“Please…”

I pulled in a breath. “Okay.”

“How did you feel that night when it happened?”

I bit my lips as I gave it some thought and could feel my cheeks warm in the process. “I– it felt right, even though I knew it was probably the stupidest thing I’d ever done. It was a great night, and I felt like I was on cloud nine. It was everything I imagined and more.”

Kelly smiled as she reached for my hand. “You always said you wanted a baby, right? – a family?”

“Not like this Kellz. There are too many things wrong here– so many things that could be ruined. I don’t know.”

“A baby is never a bad thing…”

“I know, I just–” I cut myself off,

not knowing what to say.

"Well, what do you want to do? Do you wanna carry it?"

My eyes snapped to hers. "Of course I do!"

A slow smile played at her lips. "Well, there you have it."

I rubbed my hand across my face. "My dad is running for mayor. Something like this would shine a negative light on his campaign. I can't–"

"Your dad should be the least of your worries right now. Whether he likes it or not, the baby's coming, and he's gonna be a grandfather. That has to count for something."

"Bruce is twice my age, Kellz," I said as I bit my lips.

"So, this is the twenty-first century! Age differences don't matter."

"I guess you're right."

"You know I am. Now, when are

you gonna tell Bruce?”

I shook my head. “I honestly don’t know. I don’t even know if he wants a kid. I don’t know if he’s in a relationship by now.”

“One step at a time. You won’t know unless you have a conversation about it with him.”

“I can’t believe this is happening to me,” I said in what sounded like a whisper.

Kelly gently rubbed my shoulder, and I gave her a wary smile.

“Everything will be fine, trust me,” she nodded, and in that instance, I wished I had her optimism.

I shook my head, picking at my nails. “I can’t believe I gave you so much crap about your relationship with Jeremy and look at me now. I’m the mess.”

“You aren’t a mess. You are Diana Dunkley, and you always find a solution

for every problem; that's why I love you so much. You'll get through this like you've done everything else."

I managed a smile despite myself. "When did you become the wise one?"

Kelly giggled. "I guess you're rubbing off on me."

I hugged her as I tried to blink back the tears, knowing my life was going to change forever.

The feeling was bittersweet.

Chapter 4

Bruce

I couldn't believe this was happening to me. Me. When had it ever been so hard to get a woman out of my head? Never… until now. Until Diana Dunkley, who plagued my mind with each passing day. I was tempted quite often to do a quick search, find out where she lived and pay her a visit. Ring her, maybe. These past few months had been nothing but the worst as I spent countless days fantasizing and longing for a woman that couldn't be mine. There was no way.

As tempted as I was, I knew that things were too complicated – that they would get too complicated. Her dad was running for mayor, and we were enemies. A possible relationship would be too controversial, and with each passing day, I tried to convince myself that not pursuing

this would be in both our interests.

I turned on the television and gritted my teeth when the first thing I saw was Dunkley and his campaign team, doing their best to get him to win the race for mayor. Of course, he had the means to try and manipulate people into thinking he was a good man, but I knew better.

It made me wonder if Diana was anything like him as I had often told myself. She had the gut and the grit, but I had to wonder if she was just as stern and callous as her old man. The little time we shared together didn't give me many answers, but I knew the Apple couldn't fall far from the tree when it was a man like Dunkley who raised her. Surely, she had inherited his ways in many ways.

It brought me back to my earlier thoughts. What would even happen if I thought of being with Diana Dunkley? Apart from the great chemistry and sex, that would be about all we would be good

at. Out of the bedroom, we would be like cats and dogs, at loggerheads with each other without even finding solid ground.

Plus, Diana didn't seem like the type to have a casual relationship with anyone. If I even suggested something like friends with benefits, she would disagree, I just knew it. The bitter truth was that there was no way in this lifetime where we could work, and that was a fact that I had to accept.

Just then, I saw her behind her father. She was his campaign manager, so, of course, she was there. I just didn't expect the image of her to have such an effect on me. I hadn't seen her once in the two months we'd been apart, and after what happened last time, seeing her again felt new, and I couldn't help the way my heart instantly fluttered as soon as my eyes made contact with her. She looked just about the same but a little pale in the face, if I were being honest. But Diana was

striking, and though it seemed impossible, she looked even more beautiful now to me.

I shifted in my chair as I gazed at her as if I were in a trance. I couldn't take my eyes off her, but as soon as the camera left her, it felt like I could suddenly breathe again.

A knock suddenly came at my door, and I cleared my throat, glancing at my watch. I didn't have an appointment set, so that made me curious as to who it was.

Before I got the chance to answer, Sully Knight barged in, my secretary in tow with a horrid expression on her face as she glanced at me and then the man towering in front of her.

Her lips moved soundlessly for a few seconds before she finally said, "I'm sorry, sir. Mr. Knight said it was important and–"

"It's okay, Jenny. You may go," I told the young woman, who seemed

relieved.

When she closed the door behind her, my gaze shifted to Sully Knight, who had that smug expression on his face as he stood, hands in his pockets while his gut pressed against his undershirt. “I’m a busy man, Sully.”

“So am I, but I figured this impromptu meeting would be in our best interest,” he said with a scripted smile that highlighted the crow’s feet around his eyes and the deep creases on his forehead.

I raised a brow, watching as the middle-aged man pulled out a chair and took a seat. “You don’t say…”

He glanced at the tv behind me. “Up to date with my competition, I see.”

“Why are you here?” I asked, lacing my fingers together as I looked at him.

“Always straight to the point, aren’t you, Allen?” he chuckled, hinting at his crooked coffee-stained teeth.

When I didn't answer, he shifted in his chair and continued. "Listen, Dunkley is a man of means, and I'm pretty sure he already has half of the city on his side; that's why I need your help."

"And what makes you think I'd want to help you?"

He smirked. "Because you hate him as much as I do."

"What does that have to do with me helping you?" I asked, admittedly just a little interested in what he had to say.

"You're a very powerful man, Bruce – maybe more than Dunkley. People love you, the press loves you — heck, maybe you should have been the one running for mayor," he chuckled. "I can only win this if I have someone like you on my side. If you tell people that you're backing me, I can win this," he nodded, obviously feeling confident in what he was saying.

"What's in it for me?" I eased back in my chair and looked at him.

He ran his tongue across his lips and shuffled closer up in the chair. “Well, with me as mayor, you can get anything you want–”

“I can already get anything I want, Knight.”

He sighed, seeming a little bit flustered now. “Don’t you want to get back at Dunkley? Knock him off his high horse or something?”

That had me pondering. For years, I’ve always just hated Dunkley. Never did I think of getting revenge or anything like that. I just knew when we crossed paths, it wouldn’t be as friends. Now with Knight’s suggestion, it felt like food for thought. Yes, I’d like to see Dunkley embarrassed and defeated on a large scale. It would be about time, wouldn’t it?

My gaze drifted back to the television, where Dunkley was making a speech of some sort. My gaze shifted back to Diana, who stood there at her father’s

side. The act hadn't even been committed yet, and I already felt guilty for some reason. Which was stupid… entirely stupid.

"I'll think about it."

Knight gave a curt nod before he stood and stretched out a hand. "I hope to hear from you soon," he said, and I shook his hands, watching as he left the office.

I blew out a breath and sat there in my silence, pondering over what he'd said. Two months ago, I'd say yes at the first opportunity, but if I ever wanted to get with Diana, I had to play nice toward her family somehow. Or did I?

Chapter 5

Diana

I looked through the window of my parents' limousine, refusing to make eye contact with them as they sat on the opposite end. I tried not to think of how this would play out if I broke the news to them and instead focused on clearing my head. They were still so engrossed in a conversation about the press conference we'd just had that they didn't even seem to mind or grow suspicious of my silence.

I gazed at the long stretch of road that led to our house and the palm trees that lined the path that led to the second gate that automatically opened as soon as the car approached. It came to a stop shortly after, and without waiting for the driver to come around, I pushed the door open and stepped outside. I welcomed the soft warmth of the sun on my face and

breathed in a breath of fresh air – which was probably one of the few things I liked about being here.

My gaze shifted to the house my parents had bought right after I left high school because, apparently, they wanted something more luxurious and modern than the two-story house we shared back in Beverly Crest. This was Bel-Air, and my parents' idea of luxury was a geometrical cube with a sleek and contemporary design. The clear windows were so expansive, but luckily, this house was situated on acres of land, and our neighbors were possibly miles away.

I pulled in a breath as I walked toward the double doors with my parents in tow.

"Well, that went well, wouldn't you agree, sweetheart?" My dad asked as he moved through the front door of the family mansion; blinding white greeted me instantly, as well as the chill of the air conditioner. Everything was white and

glistening, and while it felt clean and pure, it almost felt depressing. There was no character in sight – just a space decorated by professionals to impress guests.

When my dad paused to stare at me, I had to remind myself what he was talking about to begin with. “It did, you were right on script,” I said as I smiled.

“Thanks to you,” my mom, Maria, said as she spun on her heels and turned to me. She had a smile on her lips, her brunette hair falling around her straight face that was blotted with makeup to hide her wrinkles.

I managed a smile, feeling that gnawing feeling in the pit of my stomach. Only it wasn’t nausea this time. It was the feeling of nervousness as I pondered telling my parents about my pregnancy. I still hadn’t built up enough courage to even tell Bruce as yet, much less my parents and the truth was, I didn’t know

which one would be harder.

A week had passed since I found out, and ever since, it had just been me trying to wrap my head around all of it. God help me.

“I had Grace prepare us some lunch by the pool,” my dad said as he came up to me and gently patted me on the shoulder.

We left for the back, where we had always liked having lunch. I took a seat and cleared my throat, immediately reaching for the glass of cold water that was already there. As it raced down my throat, I involuntarily shivered.

“How are things looking for us, sweetie?” Dad asked.

“Everything is good so far, Dad. The polls are in our favor, and the people love you. There’s no way you’re not going to win this,” I said, happy with how firm my voice sounded.

He had that charming, pearly smile in place as he looked at my mom, who shared the same sentiments. The love was evident in their eyes, and that was what I hoped for one day. To find love so genuine and pure, but now I wasn't so sure.

"Great. I don't know what Knight thought he was doing running against me," he bragged.

"And last time I heard, his son got into some gambling problem back in Vegas," he scoffed. "If he can't get his own child under control, what good would he be to the city?" He laughed, and I swallowed hard, reaching for the glass of water again.

"Speaking of children, Diana… you know it's about time you moved back here instead of paying that God awful amount for that penthouse of yours."

"Mom, I like the penthouse, and I like the privacy – no offense," I said as I

glanced at my dad, who had a knack for meddling.

"You could have the west wing all to yourself. We wouldn't even have to see each other as much. Think about it," my dad said.

I pulled in a breath. "I will." I knew that I wouldn't, but the last thing I wanted to entertain now was the idea of moving back home… pregnant.

Mom smiled, and just as Dad was about to interject, Grace came with a platter of food, a smile on her chubby cheeks as she took her time to carefully place each dish in front of us.

"Miss Diana, I made your favorite – creamy Cajun shrimp pasta, Mr. Dunkley – pan-seared steak and, of course, Mrs. Dunkley — Greek salad." As soon as I saw my meal, I inwardly panicked, my stomach churning.

"Thanks, Grace," I told the elderly woman, trying my best to remain calm as

I glanced over my meal once again.

This was indeed my favorite, but at the moment, it was the worse meal and, no doubt, the worse timing. While Mom and Dad were happy on their end, I was trying to compose myself so I wouldn't barf all over the table.

"Er– Grace, could I have some orange juice, please," I asked with a tight smile.

She nodded and immediately moved in the direction of the kitchen. I pulled in a breath and leaned back in my seat, the smell of the shrimp now more potent than it had ever been. My saliva pooled in my mouth, and my body grew sweaty, my mind racing.

"Sweetheart, is everything alright?" My mom asked, her fork pausing midair as her gaze roamed my face.

I nodded. "Mm, yeah. I just need to use the bathroom; I'll be back," I said as I pushed my chair back and fled from the

table. I ran to a half bath and was just in time before I started heaving the breakfast I'd had earlier.

"Fuck," I groaned as I stood and washed out my mouth.

I pulled at my blazer, used my hand to comb back my hair and inhaled a deep breath in an attempt to compose myself. Mom and Dad were right where I left them, only now they looked more concerned than ever, their forehead wrinkled as they looked at me from top to bottom.

"Everything okay, sweetheart? You look a little pale," my mom said.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said as I managed a smile and took a seat, my face once again in line with my plate. "Er, Grace, could you pack this up for me, please… I'm not really feeling hungry at the moment."

She nodded as she took the plate and carried it to the kitchen. I blew a sigh

of relief, my eyes meeting my mom's, who looked curious more than ever. I tore my gaze away and turned to my dad instead, who had bought my earlier excuse and was back to eating.

"So, Dad, you have another press conference tomorrow. I'll send you the speech when I get home."

He nodded, mouth full. "Thanks, sweetheart, I don't know what I'd do without you. When I win this, it'll be all because of you," he said as he winked at me.

Guilt ripped through me like a sharpened knife. I was pretty sure that if he lost, it'd be all because of me too. This news would ruin him.

Suddenly, a thought popped up in my head, and I bit my lips. Well, what if I didn't break the news until after the campaign?

Chapter 6

Diana

The following day I was feeling more confident than ever. I had pondered and pondered and ultimately decided that I'd wait just a month longer to break the news to both parties. Only God knew what would happen if it got out by accident or if my Dad decided to go head to head with Bruce. Too many things were at play here, and the only logical thing to do was to wait.

I drank some tea, took my vitamins and was about to head out when the elevator opened, and Kelly made an appearance.

I sighed. "Remind me to change my access code," I joked, and she laughed.

"I see you're looking and doing better since the last time I saw you," she

said as approached.

I smiled. “I am. What are you doing here? It’s seven in the morning.”

“I was in the neighborhood and decided to stop by,” she grinned.

“Oh, please. I know better.”

“Fine, I came to see how you were doing since you’ve been avoiding me for days now.”

“I haven’t been avoiding you,” I said as I looked around for something to keep me occupied. “I just have a lot of work– work that I should be heading to right now.”

“Your start time is nine, and I know that; that’s why I came early, so we could talk. Sorry, bestie, but you’re not going in early today just to overwork.”

I rolled my eyes and finally stopped pacing the room. “Fine, what is it?”

“Have you told Bruce yet?”

My heart fluttered at his name.

“No.”

“What are you waiting on?” Kelly asked.

“For the campaign to be over. Last thing I want is for things to become messy and complicated for my dad.”

“But that’s like months away. Are you really gonna hide it for that long?”

“It’s a month away, and yes, if that’s what it takes.”

Kelly rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. “He deserves to know.”

“And he will know,” I quickly added. “In due time.”

“Come on, D…”

“Kelly, what do you want me to do? I’m my father’s campaign fixer, and I know that if the public somehow finds out about this, it will jeopardize everything. All of a sudden, I’ll be the center of attention, and people will want to know who the dad is, why I got involved with

my father's enemy and why it was only a one-night-stand. It will be a shit show, and my dad will bear the brunt of it. It'll mess his head up, and that's the last thing I want."

"You don't know that any of that will happen!" She exclaimed.

"And I don't know that it won't. It's better to be safe than sorry, and right now, I'm playing it safe."

"Dia–"

"Look, Bruce hates me, and he hates my family. I'm not even sure if he wants to know about this baby– if he'll want anything to do with it."

"You don't know that."

I blew out a deep breath. "This conversation is over. I love you, but what happens in my life is my decision and my decision only."

"I hate to break it to you, but that's not the case anymore. You're gonna have

a baby now, and that involves both parents," she said as she picked herself up from the sofa and walked toward the exit. "You don't get to make decisions by yourself anymore, Diana," she said just before the elevator closed in front of her.

I rubbed my temples and mustered a sigh, feeling like a cold, wet rag had been suddenly dropped on me.

There goes the wonderful start to my morning.

**

For some reason, I still had Kelly's voice in my head, basically telling me that my plan to wait was crap. I was conflicted once again as I weighed my options. But for now, waiting seemed lighter.

I approached my dad, who was prepping for the press conference and smiled at the makeup artist who landed

one final dab to his forehead before she stopped, smiled at me and left me with my dad.

"You're looking good," I smiled.

"I'm confident about today, and I'm in good spirits."

"That's great to hear, Dad."

He nodded as he stood and adjusted the lapels to his jacket. "Listen, sweetheart, why don't you come over to the house for dinner this weekend? It's been a while since we had Sunday dinners, don't you think?"

I momentarily lowered my gaze to my black pumps, quickly trying to work that out in my head. I cleared my throat and looked up at my Dad's beaming face.

"You're right. I'll er– I'll try my best to make it," I informed.

He smiled brightly while my stomach churned with uncertainty. I watched as my father's gaze shifted and

the smile fell flat from his face. I turned to see the direction his eyes had wandered and caught my breath when I saw Bruce Allen in the distance, entering the main hall with Sully Knight beside him. My heart galloped, not because I was confused about what he was doing here, but because this was the first time I'd seen him in person since we hooked up. He wasn't just Bruce Allen now, he was Bruce Allen, the man I couldn't stop thinking about and the father of my unborn child.

I froze; there was so much I wanted to do, but I just couldn't take my eyes off him. All the memories of that night came rushing back and filled me with emotions I'd never even felt before on this level.

Our gazes met across the room, and I felt like I would pass out from the mere intensity – a surge that stormed through my body and left my knees weak. The smile softened on his face, his gaze narrowing, his features softening. The

room stilled around me, and all I could see was him as he stopped to look at me, just as I had stopped to do the same. For a very fleeting moment, there was this urge to run across the room to him. My body twitched in motion, ready to do just that, but then —

"What is he doing here?" My Dad's gruff voice came, and I almost flinched at the reminder that I had company. My Dad.

I blinked a few times, tore my gaze away and directed it at my father, who now wore a scowl as he shot daggers at Bruce.

I straightened my posture and mentally reminded myself of who I was and what I was here for.

"That doesn't matter. In a few minutes, you're going up there, and you're going to do what you do best. Charm and promise the people new hope. You."

He gritted his teeth and released a

lengthy breath. “Right, but I still need you to find out why he’s here.”

I clutched my bag tightly and faked a smile. He patted me on the shoulder and moved in the direction of the camera crew, who snapped a few photos of Bruce before they turned their attention to my father.

I pulled in a breath before I turned on my heels, ready to face Bruce Allen again.

Chapter 7

Bruce

From the moment I decided I would back Sully Knight in his campaign, I knew I'd see Diana again. In fact, I had prepared myself for it and briefed myself on what I would do or what I would say to her. Yet, when I entered through those doors, mentally armored, all my defenses shattered when I saw her standing there.

It was like one of those scenes from a movie where the guy saw the girl, and everything else became nonexistent. That was how I felt. Like no one else mattered – like no one else should have mattered but her. I believed that. She stood out, she always did, but today she was like a shining star that literally glowed, and though I was usually a man who had all the composure and all the charm, Diana Dunkley made it all useless.

I had pondered over the fact for months, trying to decide what could happen between us or if she was even worth it. This single moment proved to me that she was. That she was mine.

"Gosh, I'm buzzing right now," Sully softly said to me as his eyes searched the room.

I cleared my throat and glanced at him. The excitement could be etched from his face, and I wanted to kick myself for being the reason for it. On a whim, I had called him up and agreed to this because I liked the idea of seeing Keith Dunkley's downfall, and in a moment of insanity, I had believed that nothing would ever happen between me and Diana again. While the former was still intriguing, the latter, I was beginning to realize, was foolish thinking. I had to have her again. Wholly.

I looked away from Sully Knight only to find the object of my thoughts

walking toward us. I couldn't take my eyes away from her even if they were ripped out of my head and placed in a different room.

She wore grey pants that hugged every bit of her shapely hips and a white, ruffled, long-sleeve top. It left nothing to the imagination, but luckily for me, I didn't have to imagine, I just had to remember.

"What are you doing here?" She asked.

I smiled. "For a second there, I forgot how blunt you are," I said as I feasted my eyes on her ivory skin, which seemed extraordinarily pristine and flawless. Almost like a little lamp was lit over her head.

She scoffed. "Blame it on old age. What are you doing here?"

I chuckled softly, shoving my hands into my pockets and resisting the urge to reach for her. "It's been a while, Diana.

How have you been?" I replied instead, watching as irritation crept its way down her face.

She crossed her arms and scanned her surroundings. I was happy Sully had slipped away before she came.

"I'm sure you didn't come here to ask me that. Now, please stop stalling and tell me why you decided to make an appearance here."

I pulled in a breath. "Okay, but on one condition…"

She narrowed her brows and shook her head. "What?"

I met her gaze. "Have dinner with me after this is all over."

She kept looking around the room, but I just wished she would look at me and only me. No one else mattered. She choked a dry and humorless laugh as she looked at me.

"You can't be serious."

“Except I am… as a heart attack.”

“What do you want, Bruce?”

“I just told you,” I quickly retorted.

“And I’m still waiting for the punchline for that horrible joke. We both know that can’t happen.”

“Why not?”

Diana frowned. “Why n – okay, I’m leaving. Thanks for wasting my time,” she hissed before she turned around and attempted to leave.

I did the only thing I could think of in that moment. I grabbed her hand and stopped her in her tracks. An electric pulse passed through my body, and I immediately released her before the encounter caught anyone else’s attention.

She visibly swallowed as she looked at me, her gaze softening.

“I came here today to back Sully’s campaign,” I confessed.

Her eyes widened before her small

mouth tightened and anger took its course. “You really have some nerve…”

“I know that with my support, your father has more competition, more chances of losing…”

Her small nostril flared. “He won’t,” she gritted out.

“Look, I can hold off on it if you have dinner with me tonight. I just want to talk.”

Her eyes squinted in disbelief. “What’s this? Blackmail? We-we have nothing to talk about!” She whispered harshly.

“I do.”

She paused, looked me hard in the eye and then turned to the crowd that had gathered around her father’s speech.

With the indignant raise of her brow and a little pout on her succulent lips, she nodded. “Fine, I’ll text you the info.” With that, she turned and left, her

pert behind swaying from left to right.

I smiled.

Chapter 8

Diana

I'd been pacing my room for the past hour, replaying the conversation over and over in my head and trying to decide on the best course of action. His place or mine?

We couldn't meet in public because the last thing I needed was assumptions, speculations and a whirlwind of media attention that would create a shit-storm for my father's campaign.

His place was probably better, it was more off grid than most places – my penthouse, for example, which was located in the heart of the city. But the last place I wanted to be was Bruce's, where I'd have to remember what happened the last time we met there. Under the circumstances and judging by the way I'd felt when I saw him again, I didn't know that it wouldn't again, and that was just the truth.

I pulled my phone up and dialed my father's secretary. "Hello–"

"Hey, Mindy, it's Diana… could you do me a small favor?"

"Sure thing, Miss Dunkley, go right ahead."

"Er– could you get me Bruce Allen's cellphone number?"

"I'll have it to you in a few minutes."

"Thanks."

The call ended, and I mustered a sigh, turning to look in my body length mirror in a corner of my room. I trailed my hand across my stomach, turned to the side to see if there was any change and laughed at how ridiculous I was being. Of course, nothing was showing yet, but it left me all fluttery at the realization that in a few more months, my stomach would be swollen with Bruce's baby.

Tears pricked my eyes because, despite the mess that surrounded this whole situation, I was happy. Happy that I was having a mini me. Happy that it would be for the man that had set my heart ablaze. I didn't know what

would happen between us, but I knew that even if I only felt it with Bruce in my lifetime, it would be worth it.

I brushed away the tears that had fallen from my eyes and inhaled a deep breath before I headed to the bathroom for a shower. When I came back out, there was a text from Mindy with Bruce's number.

My thumb lingered over the screen as I stared at the blank message box with Bruce's newly saved number at the top.

Biting down on my lip, I sent out a text.

Your place. 7pm.

The three dotted lines popped up and began to linger, indicating that he was texting back. Who knew Bruce Allen was a quick texter.

I'll see you then.

**

Bruce wanted to talk, and I still pondered over telling him about the baby. I could still wait, still see my father's campaign through

before I tell anyone.

But I didn't know what he wanted to talk about – what was even there to talk about since he didn't even know he would become a parent as yet.

At six, I showered and got dressed in a backless sundress, hastily tied my hair in a bun and left for his house.

On my way there, I did my best not to think too much and keep an open mind since I didn't want to fall back into Bruce's charm.

Once I got there, I hastily walked to his front door and rang the doorbell while I stood there waiting for him to answer. When he opened the door, he had his smug smile on his freshly shaved face and a glint in his green eyes. Eyes that traveled down the length of my body before they went back to my face again.

"Glad you could make it; come in," he said as he stepped to the side. After a brief hesitance, I stopped right in his entryway, waiting for him to close the door and explain to me what was happening. But in the meantime, I couldn't help but trail my gaze along the length of him. His tailored pants

weren't paired with an undershirt and a jacket this time. Instead, a long-sleeved sweater that he rolled up to the elbows, exposing his strong, bulky arms, which shouldn't even be possible for a man nearing fifty. I swallowed when he turned to find me staring. I felt like I'd been caught, but Bruce only managed a knowing smile and approached me, his musky perfume the only air I breathed.

"You look…" his eyes did a quick sweep of me again. "Beautiful."

I folded my arms and lifted my chin to meet his smoldering gaze. "Why am I here?"

He pulled in a breath and moved further into the house. "I had my chef whip us up something to eat. I invited you to have dinner with me, so we're going to have dinner," he said as he stopped short in the dining room, his gaze briefly sweeping over the set table and the variety of dishes in the middle. This was enough to feed a party.

My mouth fell open. "What–"

"I didn't know what you liked or didn't like, so I had a few things made. Surely, you'll like something." He pulled out a chair and

then turned to me, waiting for me to have a seat.

"Bruce, what is happening?"

"Take a seat…please."

I glanced at him and then at the empty chair before I decided to have a seat. He waited until I was seated before he moved to the chair opposite me and took a seat himself.

He reached for the wine, popped it open and then glanced at me. "Wine?"

My heart lurched in my chest, and I quickly shook my head. "Er – no thanks."

He raised a brow. "Not a fan?"

"Something like that. What am I doing here, Bruce? I'm more interested in the talking than the eating."

Bruce took a sip of his wine and leaned back in his seat with his eyes planted right on me. I'd have liked to admit that his mere gaze didn't flood my body with heat, but I'd be lying. I was on fire just by the way this man looked at me.

"I want you back," he said, cutting right to the chase.

I sucked in an audible breath and stared at him in disbelief. “You never had me to begin with.”

“I had you in more than one way that night.”

I could feel my cheeks blaze with heat. “I’m leaving!” I exclaimed as I pulled back in my chair and bounded up.

Bruce rose from his chair, too, and quickly rounded the table to stand in front of me. “Look, I’ve missed you, I missed what we shared, and I’d like a chance to make this something more.”

My mouth moved silently for a few seconds before I finally found the words. “Are you insane?”

“Far from it.”

“My Dad is running for mayor, and you’re his number one enemy; you were my ex-boyfriend’s stepdad, and you’re twice my age. In what world do you really think that anything could happen between us? The first time was a mistake, and we both agreed on that. Nothing can happen between us again!” I said, my eyes watering as the words fled from

my mouth.

"All that's in the past," he retorted.

I huffed in annoyance. "None of it is in the past. Don't stand here and pretend like you don't hate my father for everything he stands for – including me."

His forehead wrinkled. "I don't hate you, Diana."

My heart soared for a second. "I can't do this," I croaked.

Bruce slipped his arm around my waist, and I held my breath as my body surged with arousal. To have him touch me like this again wasn't new, but it felt new because it felt like it had been an eternity since he'd last done it.

"And are you going to stand here and pretend that you don't want me as much as I want you, that you've been able to stop thinking about that night, about how good we were together, about how perfect we felt in each other's arms."

His fingers touched my naked skin, and I sucked in a sharp breath, my eyes fluttering as my body transported to that magical place

again.

"Bruce…" his name on my lips were soft, airy, and barely audible because, despite standing so still, it felt like my body was in an amusement park – on the biggest roller coaster to exist.

He lowered his head to mine and rested his forehead on mine. I could feel his warm breath on my face, the wine.

"This doesn't have to be complicated, Diana. We're both adults, we both want the same thing. Nothing should stop us from getting it," he said, and as if compelled, I lifted my head a little so my lips were closer to his. I wanted this, despite the talks I had with myself and the logic I always seemed to possess; with Bruce, it was different. I felt like a complete fool when it came to him, and I didn't mind that so much when every inch of my body felt like it belonged to him.

Both our heads moved closer to each other, our lips brushed against each other, and just like that, that little spark formed – it fled, only to create little fires everywhere.

Our lips teased each other, my lips

faintly brushing against his while our breaths mingled. My heart lurched in my chest, and my mind started to swim in a pool of nothingness as every touch from Bruce left me more senseless. We came crashing down on each other like a comet ready to make impact. I couldn't control it, not even if I tried, and so I let it happen. I allowed it to happen because, for months, I'd been craving for it to. I'd been starving for this touch again, this moment, this kiss, and now that it was happening, I felt like a dog with a bone, and I was going to run with it.

There was nothing gentle about the way Bruce kissed me, and that was the way I wanted it now. I wanted him so badly I didn't care for the charm or the gentleness. I wanted it raw and rough. I wanted it now.

His fingers trailed along my naked flesh, almost like it was pulling along a trail of fire that would fuel an explosion. Everything felt as right as it did the first time we got together, but then an ounce of logic appeared through the haze, and I got to thinking.

Sleeping with Bruce again would only

complicate things, especially when he had no idea about the baby. I didn't want the lines to blur, and until I established a common ground where all this would work in the end, it was better not to over-complicate things.

I tore my lips away from his, breathing heavily while frantically trying to get my mind under control. Bruce still held me like he didn't want to let go, so I took a step back, even though I wanted to stay in his arms. I glanced up at him and saw the confusion there – his lips, which were flushed and slightly agape from our intense kissing session. His salt and pepper hair was slightly tousled but had somehow managed to make him look even more attractive. God help me.

I swallowed and cleared my throat before crossing my arms. "I can't do this. I really should get going," I softly said.

The creases in his forehead deepened. "Diana, come on… I know you want this."

I pulled in a breath. "I don't want complicated, and this is what this is. I'm sorry, but I can't." I took a few steps backward, looking at the array of expressions on his face

before I turned on my heels and stormed for the front door. I hopped in my car and managed a heavy sigh, leaning back in my chair before I took one last glance at the mansion. It almost felt like deja vu, but there was no going back this time.

I bit down into my lips, started the car and then I left. I needed to clear my head.

Chapter 9

Diana

I laid in bed reckless, staring at the blank ceiling and wondering if I had made the right choice in leaving Bruce's place. In my mind, I knew I'd done the right thing, but I wasn't able to stop the need that still flooded my body hours later. It was like almost having a treat, only to have it snatched from you just as you were about to have it.

I slapped my pillow over my head and groaned loudly, trying to close my eyes without thinking about Bruce and what this night would have led to if I had just stayed.

When I woke up the following morning, I was grouchy and nauseous but had managed to get some breakfast in before I showered and decided to head to work. Before leaving my penthouse, my phone rang, and I paused, my heart beating fast when I saw who the caller was.

I pulled in a breath and swiped the screen before I placed it to my ear. “What do you want, Bruce?” I asked, pretending as if his call hadn’t just set my body ablaze.

“A second chance. I want to see you again, and if it makes you feel any better, I’ll keep my hands to myself this time.”

I rolled my eyes and released a small sigh. “We shouldn’t even be talking,” I said as I placed my bag onto the couch and sat.

“Why not?”

“Because that would mean entertaining whatever this is and whatever this is cannot happen,” I said.

“Who says it can’t? I like you, Diana, and based on your reaction toward me, I know you like me too.”

He said it so confidently that my brows raised. “Is that so? And what gave you that idea?”

There was a short pause, and my heart fluttered as I awaited his response. “You don’t hide your emotions well, Diana – something you might want to work on since you’re

heading into politics."

"You don't know what you're talking about," I defended, but the small crack in my voice betrayed me.

"Come to the house tonight. It doesn't have to be complicated. We can just be two people enjoying our time together. No strings attached." Only there was already a string attached – one he didn't have any idea about.

"What happened to keeping your hands to yourself?" I teased while biting on a nail.

"That's hard to do when you're around, but I'll do my best… if that's what you want."

Just say no, Diana. This didn't have to be more complicated than it already was. In a month's time, I'd tell him about the baby, and we would work out a way to get shared custody, and that would be all. Don't feed the fire, don't be tempted by Bruce Allen… again.

"I'll think about it," I quickly said before I ended the call and fell back onto the sofa in a huff.

What was it about this man that made it hard for me to say no? To just not give in?

With a heavy sigh, I picked up my purse and left the house.

I stared at the laptop screen several hours later as I sat inside the temporary office I'd gotten for my father's campaign. My mind didn't allow me another single thought except for Bruce Allen and his earlier suggestion. I was still conflicted between wanting to say no and just damning it all and going there to continue to live out my fantasy. A fantasy that was crashed with a large dose of reality, but nevertheless a fantasy somewhere in my head.

My dad peeked around, a smile on his face before he entered the office.

"How's my little smarty pants doing?" he said as he pulled up a chair, adjusted his jacket and sat.

I eased up in my chair, managed a smile and glanced at the screen to remind myself what I was even doing. "Great, I'm actually reviewing a few things for your fundraiser next week. So far, the venue is set, but I'll have to seek out a few caterers since the company we usually hire is booked for that day," I informed.

He nodded slowly. “Good, that’s good. Listen, with all the rush yesterday, I forgot to ask about Bruce. Did you find out why he was there?”

I rubbed the nape of my neck. “He didn’t really say why, I’m sorry, Dad.”

He sighed as his eyes searched the table in thought. “I think he’s up to something, but I don’t really know what. That snake!”

My cheeks grew heated. “Whatever it is, it won’t stop you from winning this election,” I tried to reassure.

A ghost of a smile crossed his lips. “I’m flattered by your confidence in me, sweetheart, but Bruce Allen is the single most powerful man in this City right now. He has connections and means. If he somehow decides to make this campaign hard for me, he will.”

My brows furrowed. “What’s the story behind you two anyway?” I asked, suddenly more curious now than ever.

He shrugged and glanced at his watch. “Doesn’t matter now. I have a call to make shortly, so I should go,” he said as he stood

before pausing and staring down at me. “Find out what exactly he wants, okay? I just know it’s something. Can you do that for me, sweetheart?”

My lips moved silently before I snapped it shut and nodded. “Of course, I can, Dad.”

He smiled broadly and leaned over to pat my cheeks. I managed a tight smile as I watched him leave the office, closing the door behind him in a soft click. I sighed heavily and closed my laptop. I knew why Bruce was there that day, but what if he still had plans to support Sully Knight in his campaign?

I couldn’t know for sure unless I asked. I could do that with a simple phone call, but I also wanted to see him in person. At least now I’d have a good reason to, instead of leading on desire.

***

I went home, took a shower and left for Bruce’s place around six without even bothering to give him a head’s up. If he was

there, that'd be fine, and if he wasn't, that would be fine also. I slowed at the gate where he had his little cabin with security that looked at me curiously.

"It's Diana…Dunkley," I offered, watching as the young man checked a log before he picked up his phone and dialed a number. Well, there goes him not having a head's up. I'd completely forgotten that everyone needed to check-in to see the king himself.

"You may go right ahead, ma'am," the guard said before the metal gates opened up. A minute later, I circled his driveway and parked a little distance from his house.

I stepped out and looked down at my flowy dress that skimmed my knees. A shiver passed across me, and I rubbed my shoulders and inhaled deeply before walking toward the entrance door. As my hand lifted to knock, the door was swung open, and Bruce stood at the other end, a small smile on his face as he stared right into my very soul.

A shiver ran down my spine, seeing him again. He was in a T-shirt, and it was probably

the very first time I'd ever seen him in one. But he looked good as always, his muscles flexing as he crossed his arms. My eyes traveled to his long, navy-blue sweatpants, and as my gaze passed his groin area, I swallowed hard and tore my gaze away.

"Hi," I said, happy with the way my voice sounded.

"What a pleasant surprise," he said. "Come in."

I pulled on a breath before I moved past him, my shoulder brushing against his chest as I entered. I almost gasped but tried my very best to keep a calm and cool composure.

"I didn't come here for whatever reason you might think," I said, pausing in the foyer and watching as he closed the door before he turned to meet my gaze.

He raised a brow. "And what did you think I had in mind?" he asked.

"Bruce…"

"No, tell me," he prodded.

I straightened my spine and craned my neck to look him right in the eye. "I didn't

come here for sex," my voice faltered, and I wanted to kick myself.

He pulled in a breath and smiled. "Okay, can I offer you something to eat or drink? A simple *yes* earlier would have left me better prepared, but I like surprises – especially when they're in the form of beautiful women.

I rolled my eyes as I walked behind him to the kitchen. "I bet," I muttered.

He chuckled. "I'd love a glass of wine; what about you?"

"Water is fine, thanks," I said as my gaze scanned the wooden cabinets and the marble island in the middle of the luxurious kitchen that would make a master chef jealous.

"Two months ago, you were drinking Margaritas like water, and yet, you've refused a drink twice now since being here," he observed, and my cheeks stung.

I cleared my throat and crossed my arms, not missing the way his gaze traveled to my cleavage as he placed a bottle of water and an empty glass on the counter. I dropped my

hands to the side and approached the counter.

"I want a clear head when I'm around you." I regretted the words as soon as they left my lips and wanted to kick myself for fueling his already huge ego.

"So, you're admitting that you can't think straight when I'm around you?" he asked as he slowly moved towards me.

I reached for the glass of water and took a huge gulp, loving the way it chilled my insides. "Are you still going to support Sully Knight in his campaign?" I asked instead, watching the way his smile faltered at the change in topic.

"Why does it matter to you so much?" he asked as he pulled a bottle of wine from a cabinet and poured himself a glass.

"It matters because I want to know what we're up against. I want to be prepared," I confessed.

He stared at me with those piercing green eyes that seemed to soften. "No."

My brows furrowed, and a small feeling of relief washed over me. "You're not?"

“Believe it or not, Diana. I was ready to announce my support for Sully Knight, but as soon as I saw you again, there was only one thing I wanted, and that’s you.”

My mind raced, and my body grew heated once again. “Bruce, we still…” I trailed off as he approached me and set his glass down, now standing right in front of me. His perfume took my senses by storm again and, at that moment, I wondered if it was some type of aphrodisiac that was made to drive me insane.

He looked down at me, and I stared up at him, my heart lunging in my chest. We were just inches apart – one slight movement and our bodies would be touching. He lifted his hands and touched my arm in a feather-like manner, his fingers barely grazing my skin. I sucked in a breath and couldn’t bring myself to look away from him as my heart galloped in my chest.

“What happened to no touching?” I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

“All you have to say is no, and I’ll stop, but we both know if you wanted to talk

business, you could have done so over the phone. But here you are, so I'm guessing somewhere in that stubborn head of yours, you wanted the touching too."

I couldn't help my short laugh even though this man was reading me like a book. "I'm stubborn?"

"So damn stubborn," he was quick to retort, and I bit my lips, knowing he was right. No matter my excuses, I wanted to be here, I wanted to be with him.

I tiptoed and brushed my lips against his, my heart racing as soon as his lips touched mine. I met his gaze, and we maintained eye contact for a few seconds as the world paused around us. I went in again and pressed my lips against his; he responded by gently parting his and allowing me to slip my tongue inside. A small moan left my lips, and I pressed my body closer to his, arousal storming through me when my erect nipples grazed over his chest. His hands found my waist, and mine found the back of his neck, where I laced my fingers through the soft, low cut hair at the back of his head.

My tongue grazed against his teeth, it dangled with his sweet and passionate tongue until I could feel the juices pooling inside me.

I moaned against his lips and slid my hands from around his neck and between us where I searched for his growing bulge. His large hands groped my ass, he squeezed them, and I whimpered, my entire body feeling too sensitive to touch.

Fire ignited over every inch of my body, and I was a soaking, sopping mess, ready for Bruce to use me in whichever way he wanted. We stumbled out of the kitchen with a sense of urgency that only allowed us to make it to the living room. We kissed until I was backed against an end table. A picture frame crashed to the floor, and my ass took its place, Bruce not even looking up for a second to assess the damage.

My eyes rolled back in my head when he started to suckle on my neck, making me more delirious. I gasped and tightened my grip on him, blinking a few times as I tried to make sense of what I was feeling.

He pulled back for a brief second, his

mouth slightly agape as he stared down at me with a relentless hunger in his gaze. Struck by the electric field around us, I helped him until he was naked from the bottom down. My gaze lowered, and I saw his cock again. Strong and huge just like him.

I reached for it, and he released a throaty moan, reaching for the knot around my neck. He released it, and the top half of my dress fell down, exposing my tight-nippled breasts that were eager for his caresses.

Bruce's gaze lingered, and I held my breath for a second, watching the lust in his eyes.

"They seem fuller," he said almost breathlessly before our gazes met, and he smiled. My cheeks flamed. He was right, but he didn't know what caused them to look so full.

I closed my eyes when he wrapped his large palms around them, making me shiver. Heat rushed between my legs, and I couldn't help the moan that escaped my mouth.

It was so intense – too intense that I felt like I could orgasm from his mere touch. My

boobs perfectly filled his palms, and he smiled at me as if he'd just won a prize. Just as I was close to begging him to continue, he squeezed them gently and kissed me again. My stomach flipped, my body quivered, and I moaned his name.

I pulled him to me, pried my legs apart and could feel his manhood at my entrance, prodding for entry. My breathing was labored, I was at the brink of my orgasm, and this man didn't even have an inch inside me as yet.

"Bruce… I want you now," I said, looking up at him in a plea-like manner.

He kissed me passionately before he pulled me more toward the edge and made me wrap my legs around him. Before I could collect myself, before I could prepare myself for the penetration, he was inside me in one hard thrust that had my mouth gaping open and my heart hammering.

He moaned, allowing himself a second before he started to move back and forth inside me.

"Ohhh, yes," the words came freely, everything seemed natural with him, and I

clung onto every second of it.

He held me tight and moved gracefully inside me, so effortlessly that it felt like my heart was going to burst in my chest. I clung to him, I bit his shoulder hard and jammed my nails into his skin, trying not to come so quickly, but I couldn't control it, I couldn't hold back.

Bruce filled out every inch of me, and he knew just the spots to hit. His strokes were firm and powerful and sweet, and in a matter of minutes, my walls were clinging to him, and I was experiencing my most powerful and audible orgasm of my life.

"Ohhhh, oh my God…Ahh, fuck!" I exclaimed as I quivered and clung to him.

He pulled back as the last of my orgasm passed through me and held my face, looking down on me in concern.

"Are you okay?" He asked, looking genuinely concerned.

I tried to catch my breath but couldn't help feeling embarrassed at my premature orgasm. "Yes, couldn't be better."

He smoothed back the hair from my face, cupped my cheeks into his large hands and kissed me hard. After which, he took me into his arms and carried me upstairs as if I weighed nothing.

My eyes were on him the whole time as we climbed the stairs, as he pushed open the door to his bedroom and laid me on the bed like I was some sort of treasure that had the most value.

I watched with bated breath as he peeled off the rest of his clothes, his cock still hard and wet from being inside me just minutes ago and ready to go again. I swallowed hard as I feasted my eyes on every ripped inch of his toned body.

When he was done getting himself naked, he approached the bed and towered over me, his salt and pepper hair falling to his face and making it the most attractive thing I'd ever seen.

I smiled while my heart pounded in my chest, watching, waiting as he pulled my dress from my hips down. I was naked thereafter, and Bruce stared at me unabashedly, his eyes

darkening as he did a thorough once over of my body.

It suddenly struck me that I was pregnant, that if there were any changes there, he could see it. I knew there wasn't any but with Bruce looking at me the way he was, I couldn't help but feel nervous.

I licked my lips, my chest rising and falling as he trailed his hands up and down my spread legs.

"You're perfect," he said, dipping his head to my breasts, where his tongue did a sinful twirl around my nipple. After he was done sucking, tugging and biting on one, he went to the other where he treated it with the same skillful accuracy. His warm mouth against my skin was heaven, it ignited something inside me that I couldn't even make sense of.

After he was done suckling on my tits, his tongue went further down my skin, where he paused at my belly, kissing.

A warm and fluttery feeling appeared in the pit of my gut, and I whimpered, almost on the verge of tears with what was happening

and what it meant to me, yet what Bruce had no idea about.

For a fleeting moment, I was riddled with guilt, contemplating telling him in that very moment. But just as my lips parted to say the words, his warm breath fanned against my most sensitive flesh, and I squirmed instead, all other thoughts disappearing from me.

Bruce latched his mouth to my flesh; he sucked, and he licked in a way that made me realize he was enjoying this as much as I was. His strong tongue probed my flesh, it lapped at my folds, and it entered me like it was his shaft. I writhed on the bed, I grabbed his hair, wanting him to take me to that place that I was just ten minutes ago.

"Oh, God, Bruce… this feels so good," I said, my fingers raking through his soft hair, pushing him further down into my flesh.

He eased up a little, and his tongue found my clit, where he began to flicker it on the hard bud. I whimpered, I moaned, I grabbed the sheets like they held my fate, and I fought hard not to come so quick again.

Bruce glanced at me as he continued to

work my clit, and I gasped, snapping my eyes shut as my orgasm started to beat at my gates.

Just when I thought I'd become a quivering mess again, he got up and towered over me. He didn't waste any time, his lips were on mine in the next instant, and I was tasting myself on him. My heart fluttered, but the feeling it brought on was new and primal, and I found myself eager to suckle every inch of him from my mouth.

As we kissed, Bruce pried my legs apart and adjusted himself between my legs. His body lowered to mine, his firm length slid against my flesh, searching for my entrance until he slipped inside. I moaned against his lips, feeling as inch by inch escaped inside me until he paused.

My fingers traced his back and to his ass, where I pressed him deeper inside me. My mouth fell open when the tip of his cock grazed that one sweet spot that had me whimpering countless times for him. He was right there now, and I just wanted him to stay there, filling me and giving me the most pleasure without even trying.

He propped himself up on his elbows at the side of my face and looked down at me, his manhood still buried deep, throbbing inside me.

"Tell me you didn't miss this."

I briefly closed my eyes, trying to control my breathing before I met his gaze again. "I did."

"Tell me you want more, and I'll give you more, Diana. I'll give you everything."

At the moment, my brain was frazzled. I didn't know if he was talking about our relationship or him being inside me, but there was only one answer.

"Y-yes."

He moved a little, and my heart lurched, my walls clinging onto him, begging for more.

"That's a good girl," he whispered against my ear, and I moaned, clinging to him even tighter.

"Make love to me, Bruce," I whispered.

He kissed my ear, my cheek and then he was back to my mouth, which he made love to just as his cock did the same to my pussy.

I could feel every bit of him, every touch, every stroke. I could feel the warm of his skin radiate against me, and I could smell the sweet aroma of sex and sweat as we continued to seek pleasure from each other.

Bruce was balls deep inside me, knowing just where to hit and just how to drive me crazy. Every time I thought I'd have a mind-shattering orgasm, he'd pull back, torture me a little and then he was back at it. Back at the cycle that drove me crazy.

"Please…" I begged, desperate for a release.

He sunk himself deeper and laid against me, his body seamlessly pressed against mine, sliding against me. His strokes became faster, deeper, and I could feel myself clinging around him, my walls tightening as liquid heat pooled from me, making the sound almost sloppy as he rutted in me.

"I'm gonna come," I warned, jamming my nails into him.

"Come with me," he exclaimed and thrust inside me several more times before the sounds of our gasps and pants tainted the

room. We came together in an otherworldly manner, both of our bodies convulsing as we rode the waves of our orgasm. Bruce's warm seed filled me; I could feel it pouring from him into me, filling me over and over again until it began to seep from the corners of his still embedded penis and trailed down my ass.

I couldn't catch my breath, I couldn't think a single thought as I lay there, gallivanting in the bliss that surrounded me and soaking up every moment of it.

When Bruce finally pulled out, he spooned me, his hand resting on my stomach as if protecting me … protecting our unborn baby. Tears pricked my eyes, and I clamped them shut before I became a sobbing mess.

"I'm never letting you go," he whispered against my ear.

For tonight, it was exactly what I wanted to hear, but tomorrow, I knew logic would kick in over my foolish emotions, and we would be back at square one all over again.

I wondered if I'd feel like I was in love with this man tomorrow as I did now.

Chapter 10

Diana

I felt like I was on a cloud of happiness, just floating around without a care in the world and the best part was that Bruce was there with me. I could feel his touch, smell his manly perfume and knew that I was where I wanted to be. With the love of my life. It was perfect, I was happy… we were happy.

But then my eyes fluttered open, a stream of sunlight in my face reminding me that it had only been a dream. The night before came crashing back, and I realized that part wasn't a dream. It was reality. It was now.

Bruce's hand was still wrapped around me, I could feel his naked body pressed against mine and shit… it was morning. I'd stayed the night!

Just as everything came crashing back, I felt bile rise to my throat, and before I even had the chance to curse, I had to quickly

throw Bruce's hand off me, bolt from the bed and to the bathroom, where I spilled the contents from my stomach into the toilet bowl.

I retched and I retched, feeling like I was close to death's door but more concerned about whether I was waking up Bruce. The last thing I wanted was for him to wake up and find me in here like this. I didn't want the questions… I didn't….

"Fuck!" I exclaimed as I pulled myself up and pulled one of Bruce's robes from a rack and threw it around myself.

Just when I thought I was in the clear, his voice had me panicking. "Diana, is everything alright?"

I bit down on my lips and snapped my eyes shut, reaching to flush the bathroom. "Fine," I said, but my voice barely carried.

"Are you sure? You don't sound fine," he said, and I rubbed my forehead, gripping onto the sink as I searched my thoughts.

I was just about to answer when the acidic taste rose to my mouth again, and I found myself retching over the toilet again. Tears sprung to my eyes, and the nausea

doubled inside me. As much as I wanted to get up and walk out of this with a straight face, I couldn't.

A knock came at the door, and I stiffened. "I'm coming in," Bruce said. Before I had a chance to answer, he was already in, his eyes wide with shock as he stared down at me on his bathroom floor, looking my worst.

"Jesus Christ, Diana. Are you okay?" He asked, falling to his knees, his eyes searching my face.

I pulled in a breath, flushed again and tried to stand. Bruce was at my arm, and before I could say anything, he swept me up into his arms and carried me to the bedroom.

He sat beside me on the bed, looking confused. "Do you want me to get you anything? Coffee? Tea… anything?"

I shook my head and bit my lips, feeling like I was on the verge of tears again. Damn.

"I'm fine, I just need to take a bath and go home," I said, managing a tight smile.

"You're clearly not fine. I could make a call, have a doctor come over to examine you

_”

“No, that’s not happening,” I said as I slung my legs over the bed and attempted to stand. As soon as I did so, my knees got weak, and I had to hold onto Bruce for support.

He gritted his teeth and shook his head. “For God’s sake, could you quit being this stubborn and let me do what I’m supposed to?” He said as he placed me back down and reached for his phone.

My mouth opened, tears welled in my eyes. “I– I’m pregnant.”

His head flashed around so fast I feared he’d suffer a whiplash. His eyes searched my face, lowered to my body, settled on my stomach before he met my gaze again.

“What?” There was confusion first, followed by an array of emotions that made this feel even harder than I anticipated.

“I’m pregnant with your baby,” I clarified. His eyes widened, he was silent, and I sat there with my heart hammering in my chest, waiting to see the outcome.

“You’re pregnant?” He asked as the

phone lowered from his hand and he placed it on the table.

I nodded, the tears blurring my vision. If I blinked, they would fall.

"My baby… the first time we…"

I nodded and finally blinked, tears trailing down my face.

Bruce stood and began to pace the room, stopping short as he looked at me, a huge smile spreading across his face. My brows furrowed, and I brushed the tears away, confused.

"This isn't some joke, right? You're serious?"

I scoffed. "Does it look like I'm joking?"

He raked his fingers through his hair and covered his mouth, chuckling. "This is amazing news!"

I shook my head. "Wh– you're not mad?"

He ran to me and reached for my hand. "Why would I be mad? This is great. A baby is great… why didn't you tell me sooner… it's been two months."

“I-I only found out last week, and I didn’t know how to tell you or if I should’ve… yet.”

His brows furrowed. “What do you mean?”

I swallowed. “I didn’t want anything coming in the way of my father’s campaign.”

Bruce’s gaze narrowed. “What?”

“I was afraid that if I told you before his election, it would jeopardize things…”

“So, instead of telling me right away that you were pregnant, you kept it from me to suit your father?” His voice grew firm, and I grew more anxious.

“My dad doesn’t know… I didn’t want anyone to know until he won. You know what this could do to him.”

“I don’t give a fuck about your father or his campaign, Diana–”

“And that’s the problem, isn’t it? You can walk around saying that, but he’s my father, and I’m his campaign manager. His election is in a few weeks, it wouldn’t be a long time.”

His Adam's apple bobbed. "So if I hadn't invited you over, I'd have to wait a few more weeks to find out I was going to be a father?" He raised a brow at me, and I swallowed.

"Maybe. I- I didn't make my mind up yet–"

He shook his head in slight shock and disbelief. "You're unbelievable."

I gasped. "Can you even blame me? I don't know you, we had sex a few times, and two months later, I find out I'm having a baby with the man who hates my family to the core. I dreaded telling you because I didn't know what your response would be like, I didn't know what you'd want…"

"I want to be the father of my child, and I want to do it with you by my side. Isn't it obvious?"

"You've got to be kidding..."

"What?"

"We can't be together, Bruce."

He squinted his green eyes. "Why not?"

"Why not– firstly, we're not in love, our families hate each other, and not too long ago,

I was dating your stepson."

"Connor is no longer a part of my life, and I don't have to like your family to be with you," he said. My stomach dropped because, in a very stupid way, I'd expected him to say something about my first argument. But I guess he just proved my point. He wasn't in love with me, and that… that broke my heart.

I rubbed my temples and shook my head. "You can't tell anyone about this… not now anyway."

"Because you're protecting your father's campaign, right?"

"I owe my father this much… please."

He pulled in a breath, his eyes softening for a moment. "Fine, if it makes you happy, I'll wait until after the election to make every inch of you mine."

I gasped.

He smiled. "Have you seen a doctor yet to see if everything's fine?"

I scratched my head and lowered my gaze. "Not yet, I haven't had the time–"

"Diana–"

“Do you know how hard this has been on me?” I snapped. “Not only did I have to be worrying about my father, I had to be worrying about you, my mother, my career… this hasn’t been a walk in the park for me.”

He held my gaze. “Do you want to abort it?”

My breath stopped, and my heart lurched in my chest. “Wha– no.”

I could see the relief on his face. “Good, then you should stop worrying so much. This baby is coming, not going.” He cupped my face and used his thumb to brush at my tears. “I want to be at your first appointment–”

“Bruce–”

“Don’t push me away from this, Diana. This is my baby too.” My stomach fluttered.

I nodded. “Okay.”

He smiled and pulled me in, placing a gentle kiss on my lips.

It felt like a weight had been lifted off my shoulders.

Chapter 11

Bruce

I was still trying to wrap my head around everything that had happened just an hour ago. Diana was gone now, but I was still seated on the bed, replaying our conversation over and over in my head. What she had said to me had changed my whole world in a single second.

I was going to be a father, and she would be the mother of my child.

I choked a laugh and slapped my hand over my mouth, rubbing the stubble above my upper lip while I went into deeper thought. This was happening, and my heart felt full… I was happy. I was happy, and it had been a very long time since that was the case, but I was happy. I had something to look forward to, and for as long as I lived, Diana Dunkley would be in my life.

I smiled, my thoughts suddenly interrupted when my phone started to ring.

With some hesitance, I reached for it on the nightstand and answered.

"Hello."

"It's Sully Knight."

I pulled in a breath. "What is it? I thought I made it clear that I'd withdrawn my support."

"You did, and I'm just calling to tell you what a grave mistake that was."

A brow shot up. "Was it?"

"Yes. You don't want to be on the losing side, Bruce."

"And that's exactly why I withdrew my support for you."

He scowled. "I saw that little encounter with Diana Dunkley at the press conference the other day. I can bet all the money in the world that you're screwing. I wonder what people will say – what Dunkley will say when he finds out his daughter is an ambitious little slut."

I gritted my teeth and could feel fire rush through my veins. My grip on the phone tightened, and I felt so enraged I almost

couldn't find the words. "You don't know who you're messing with, Knight. One wrong move and I'll make sure you're serving coffee for the rest of your life. Do not try me."

He chuckled. "Calm down now. All I'm asking for is your support, and then we can all get what we want."

"I don't take kindly to blackmail. And good luck trying to prove whatever it is that you think you know. Your war is not with me, Knight, but if it's trouble you want, then I'll definitely give you hell."

With that, I hung up and immediately went on to dial another number.

"Yes, it's me. I want every dirt you have on Sully Knight and make it quick."

"Yes sir," was all I heard before I hung up the phone, still fuming. I couldn't believe the nerve of the man, couldn't believe that he had the nerve to call Diana a slut. That was what irked me the most. The fact that he had the audacity to make threats about her to me. He hadn't the slightest clue.

This woman was mine.

**

At around midday, I was in the office watching the news and how they bragged about Keith Dunkley's promising campaign. Sully Knight didn't stand a chance, and he knew it as much as everyone else. Yet, if he wanted to, he could drop a small bomb that would set Keith back a bit. He didn't even have to have proof; it could be a rumor – one that could spark interest and have paparazzi everywhere I went.

I didn't want that sort of attention for myself, and I didn't want it for Diana. I didn't want them to drag her name through the mud or paint her as some… slut who didn't know where her loyalties lie. I couldn't let that happen, and at the same time, I couldn't back Sully because I knew that would hurt her, too, and I didn't want that… ever.

I tapped my pen against my table as I pondered and pondered, but then a text message came in from Diana, and suddenly, that was all that mattered.

I made an appointment for tomorrow. The

doctor has agreed to keep this discreet.

I pulled in a breath and decided to call her instead. It rang a few times before she answered.

“Didn’t you see my text?” She asked.

“I did, but I’m old fashioned. I prefer hearing your voice,” I smiled.

There was a short silence. “I can’t talk right now–”

“What time tomorrow?” I asked.

“8 am — it’s just a check-up, you don’t even have to come. It’s too early to even know what the gender is and–”

“I’m coming, and it isn’t up for discussion, Diana.”

She sighed. “Fine, you can meet me there.”

“How are you? Managed to get anything down?”

“Yeah I… I had some toast. It’s usually better at this time, so you don’t need to worry.”

“I can’t help but worry – you’re going to

be the mother of my child."

There was another small silence. "I've gotta go, see you tomorrow."

"Okay," I said before the call ended.

I sighed but couldn't help the smile that followed. When did I get so lucky?

Chapter 12

Diana

I ended the call with Bruce and couldn't help the smile on my face. That fluttery feeling appeared in the pit of my gut, and I knew it was just because I'd heard Bruce's voice – heard how concerned and caring he sounded. To think that one of my biggest fears was breaking the news to him, but he had surprised me so much. It suddenly didn't feel like I was alone in all this. I had who mattered the most now. The father of my child.

A knock came on my office door, and soon after, I saw my mom peek her head through, a smile on her face.

"Hey, Mom. Everything okay?" I asked.

"Hey, sweetheart," she said as she approached my desk and gently took a seat. "That's kinda what I came here to find out."

I raised a brow. "What do you mean?"

"You didn't look too good the other day. I was worried."

I sighed and placed my pen down. “Mom, I’m fine. It was just a minor stomach bug – nothing to worry about,” I reassured her with a tight smile though my heart was beating a mile a second.

She didn’t seem too convinced, and I could see it in the way she looked at me. “Are you sure? You know you can tell me anything, right?”

“I know… I just– there’s nothing to tell.”

I was itching to use this as an opportunity to break the news to my mom, but she told my dad everything – they didn’t keep secrets, even for me, and this one was huge. If she told dad, it would be war, and the last thing I wanted was to not have him focused on the single most important thing in his life right now.

“I promise, I’m fine,” I added.

She finally smiled and eased back in her chair. “Okay, great. That’s good. You know, I haven’t seen you with anyone since Connor. Are you seeing anyone?” She asked, brows raised, a smile on her face.

I knew what this was, and I knew where it would lead, and quite frankly, I didn't have the time to entertain it.

"No."

"I heard he's back in town. News is Paula is dating some other rich bloke."

I straightened in my seat and cleared my throat. "That's nice, but I've been over Connor from the minute we broke things off, Mom. His existence means nothing to me now."

She chuckled at that before she rose from her seat, ready to leave. "Er – Mom," she paused in her tracks. "Do you know what happened to make Bruce Allen and Dad hate each other that much?" I asked her instead, seeing Dad wouldn't give me the answers.

Her brows furrowed before she shrugged. "I don't know the full story. Your father never told me, and I never really cared to ask. I just know they were best friends who became enemies over something that happened in college."

My brows shot up. "They were best friends?"

“Yeah, surprising, isn’t it? You’ll have to ask your father about it.”

“I asked, and he told me it didn’t matter. I figured you’d know.”

She shrugged. “It’s a puzzle to me too, sweetheart. Why do you ask?”

I shrugged. “Er… because the other day, Bruce Allen was at the press conference with Sully Knight by his side. I only imagine it was to spite dad.”

“Your father mentioned that you went to talk to him. Did he say why he was there?”

I shook my head. “Not really.”

She sighed. “Well, if he wanted to back Sully Knight, he would have done so by now, so I don’t think we have anything to worry about.”

I nodded. “You’re right.”

She smiled as she got up and headed toward the door. “I better get back to work.”

**

The following morning, I mentally prepared

myself for the doctor's visit, but mostly to see Bruce again. We had not yet established what we were apart from soon-to-be parents, and a part of me wanted more.

I got dressed, hopped in my car and was parked outside the building of my OBGYN in less than twenty minutes. I pulled in a breath and pushed the car door open, gaze wandering around my surroundings for any sign of spotting someone I knew. However, all was well, and so I ventured inside, where I started to become a tad bit nervous. Somehow, this had become even more real for me … too real.

Once I was inside, I was met at the door by Jenna Nunez, my OBGYN and family friend, for as long as I could remember.

"Diana, you're right on time," she smiled as she ushered me inside the small room.

I cleared my throat and placed my bag on a small chair before I rubbed my sweaty hands together. "Jenna, you agreed that you wouldn't whisper a word of this to anyone, right? My family included."

Her forehead wrinkled. "Diana, I

promise, and there's such a thing as doctor-patient confidentiality, you know," she raised a brow and proceeded to pull a pair of gloves from a box.

I smiled. "Of course, thank you."

"Congratulations, by the way. I'll just do a check-up, run some tests so we know everything is fine."

I smiled briefly.

A knock came at the door, and she glanced at me, obviously confused. "Anyone else joining us?"

I opened my mouth to speak, but then Bruce entered, and my mouth got dry, and I was just completely entranced all over again.

"I'm sorry I'm late," he said as he looked at the doctor and then at me, immediately shrugging off his coat as he rushed to my side.

"You didn't miss anything. I just arrived," I said, managing a small smile before I looked to Jenna whose eyes were wide with shock.

"Mr. Allen, you…"

"I'm the father," he said, and I could

feel my cheeks burn.

Mrs. Nunez's mouth was hung wide open as she looked between us as if somehow trying to fathom how any of this was possible. Heck, I didn't blame her. Some days, I wondered the same thing.

"Doctor-patient confidentiality," I reminded with a sweet smile.

She immediately nodded and cleared her throat. "Of course, let's get started."

After being examined, I changed into my clothes and returned to find Jenna and Bruce having a conversation. One they put to a halt when I made an appearance.

Jenna smiled. "I was just explaining your prescription to Mr. Allen. All the things you need to take to ensure you have a healthy baby. I'll know more once your complete blood-works are back, but everything is off to a good start so far," she said as she handed me the piece of paper.

"The first trimester is usually the most critical. Try not to stress or exert yourself too

much."

I swallowed as I glanced at Bruce, who raised a brow. "Great, thanks."

She smiled and turned to Bruce. "It was a pleasure meeting you, Mr. Allen." She looked between us. "I should prepare for my next appointment."

"I really appreciate you doing this, Jenna."

"I'm only doing my job," she smiled, gave a curt nod and then she was gone.

I sighed as I walked through the back door and was glad to inhale fresh air. I turned to Bruce, who was right behind me and craned my neck to look up at him. The wind was blowing his silver-streaked hair a bit, his eyes were squinted, and there was this proud look on his face I couldn't make sense of.

"What?" I asked, frowning.

"Have dinner with me again."

I scoffed and rolled my eyes as I walked towards my car. "I don't remember us having it a first time."

He smirked. "You're right. Then let's do

that then… make out; sex after. We're good at it."

I plopped down in my seat and looked up at him on the other side. "I have more important things to worry about."

"You worry about sex?" He jabbed.

I started the ignition.

"Come on, Diana. Jokes aside, we need to have a serious discussion about our future – our baby's future."

My stomach fluttered. "And we'll have it."

"When?" He asked.

"I'll text you," I said.

"I don't do texts!" He yelled as I drove off.

I had a smile on my face, and I didn't know why. My life was probably falling apart, and here I was, falling for the man who was the very cause.

Chapter 13

Bruce

Every day, it felt like I was falling deeper in love with Diana Dunkley, and no, it wasn't only because she was the mother of my unborn child, but because I loved the way I felt when I was around her, when I touched her and when she touched me. I felt like the luckiest man in the world, I felt invincible, and no amount of money or power could have been able to make me feel like that. Only her.

I was hopeful now more than I had ever been in my entire life. Hopeful for my future, my legacy, my happiness. And that was all because of her. I had fallen for my enemy's daughter in the hardest way possible, and I didn't mind it one bit.

My intercom buzzed. "Sir, Mr. Knight is on the line for you," my assistant said.

I picked my cellphone up from the desk and glanced at it, only to find five missed calls from the man himself. I had put it on silent

earlier at the doctor's office and had forgotten to turn it back up. Not that I was eager to speak to Sully Knight. Far from it.

"Tell him I'm busy," I said.

"Okay, Sir."

I sighed as I raked my fingers through my hair and leaned back in my seat. Sully Knight was the least of my worries now – empty threats and all. I had more important matters at hand. Way more important than him and Dunkley's campaign.

The intercom buzzed again, and I gritted my teeth. "For God's sake Jenny, block the man from calling!" I exclaimed.

"Er – I'm sorry, it isn't Mr. Knight, it's your ex-wife. She's here to see you."

My brows furrowed, and I paused for a second. "Send her in."

I had my eyes trained on the door and watched as Paula entered with her wide, red smile, her blonde hair pinned up to the top of her head and her I'll-kill-to-get fur coat draped over her tight black dress. She swung her hips from side to side as she approached my desk.

“What wind blew you here?”

“Oh, I was in town and wondered how my favorite ex-husband was doing,” she said as she took a seat and crossed her long legs. Funny how those legs would have tempted me so much in the past.

“I’m fine. Now you can go,” I muttered as I began to flip through some files.

She giggled. “Don’t pretend as if you don’t miss me, Bruce.”

I shot up a brow and forced back a laugh. “I really don’t. Either you tell me why you’re here, or you leave. I don’t have time.”

She licked her lips and straightened in her chair. “I’m seeing someone, you know.”

“That’s great.”

She seemed taken aback by my hasty and nonchalant reply. “He’s really great. Caring, sweet, passionate, handsome –”

“Paula, if you’re here to rub your new ATM machine in my face, it won’t work. I don’t care who you’re with and why you’re with them. I’m just glad it’s no longer me.”

She visibly swallowed. “You know this

is why I left you–"

"No, *I* left you because I finally saw you for what you really are. A gold digger who cares only about yourself."

She gasped. "That's not true."

"Oh, right. And Connor."

"He misses you, he misses the City. Says he's moving back for good. Maybe rekindle things with that Dunkley girl."

My head shot up so fast, I almost gave myself whiplash. "What?"

"He says he misses her and that he was stupid to leave her in the first place, blah blah blah," she rolled her eyes, and I gritted my teeth.

"He can't do that."

Paula immediately looked confused. "Why do you care– don't tell me you're still salty about the Dunkleys after all this time?"

"What if I am — tell him to stay away from Diana."

She scoffed. "What?"

I bounded from my chair and pointed an

index finger right at her. “That’s a warning, Paula,” I exclaimed through gritted teeth. She looked appalled.

Good.

Diana was mine, which reminded me: I needed to see her.

Chapter 14

Diana

"I'm in the lobby, let me up," he demanded on the other end of the line, and my mouth fell open, my eyes searching the room.

"What? You can't be here!" I hissed, hooking the phone between my cheeks and shoulder as I tied my robe.

"Well, I am. You can either let me up or leave me here to attract more attention."

I huffed and punched in a few numbers. "Fine," I said before I ended the call.

Raking my fingers through my hair, I looked around the room and began to pace, trying to get my thoughts in order. But I didn't get far with that because, in the next minute, Bruce was standing in front of me. He stepped out and came to stand right in front of me.

"What were you thinking?" I snapped.

"That I wanted to see the mother of my child," he said as he looked around the house.

“Nice place.”

“How did you even know where I lived?”

He raised a brow and gave me a knowing look. I rolled my eyes. “Of course. You’re Bruce Allen, you can just barge into people’s houses whenever you feel like it.”

“You let me up,” he reminded.

I scoffed. “I thought we discussed this. Discussed that we would keep things under wraps until after the election.”

“And that’s what we’re doing, but surely you didn’t expect me to wait until that time to see you as well.”

“You can’t just walk in here like this without even calling me first. The entire country has its eyes on my family now. I can’t afford to mess up.”

“You’re overthinking, and you’re stressing, and that’s not good for you or the baby.”

I rubbed my temples and mustered a sigh. “You’re impossible.”

There was a small silence. Bruce

reached out and trailed his hand down my arm, and my body grew tense. “Listen, you’re right, I should have called, but I needed to talk to you about our future and whether or not you plan on staying in a penthouse throughout this pregnancy.”

My brows furrowed. “What– of course, this is my home!”

“Move in with me.”

My mouth fell open as I stared at him, realizing that he was as serious as a judge. “Are you crazy? No, really… is your mental health really intact?!” I exclaimed.

“Diana–”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Bruce. You and I both know that will never happen,” I said as I turned and started pacing the room.

“It doesn’t have to happen now. I’m talking about after the elections when things are settled. Come on, my house is big enough to accommodate you and our baby.”

I paused and looked right at him, trying to see through him and figure out what this was.

“Bruce, we aren’t even in a relationship. This is only happening because I’m pregnant. We aren’t a couple, and for all I know, we hate each other.”

“Stop saying I hate you, I don’t.”

“Right, you hate my father, and that’s close enough. What happened between you two?”

He shook his head and approached me. “That doesn’t matter now— your father doesn’t matter. Not when there’s you, me and this baby,” he said as he wrapped one arm around my waist. I closed my eyes and swallowed, feeling his body come closer and closer to mine. My entire body was alert. One touch, and I was melting like butter on an Australian summer road.

“I want us to be a family, Diana…” he said, his voice softening. “Tell me you want the same.”

“I– Bruce I…” His lips were at my ear now, inches away from my skin, and I couldn’t think much less talk.

“I need you, Diana. Every single day seems impossible when I don’t have you in my

arms like this. My every thought revolves around you. I am yours as much as you are mine." His warm breath was at my neck, his lips gently grazing my skin as he spoke. My stomach fluttered, that feeling of breathlessness consumed me, and my arousal grew tenfold.

"Tell me that deep down, you want this, too," he kissed my neck, and my eyes fluttered shut again. "Tell me that despite the complications, we can make this work. It will work, and I won't accept anything else." He kissed me again, and my eyes rolled in the back of my head.

"Yes," I whispered, wondering if he heard since I barely heard it myself. "I want this, too," I said."

He kissed my neck and suckled it for a few seconds before he came up and kissed my cheek until finally, he was at my lips again. He didn't initiate a kiss, but his forehead was pressed against mine, our lips mere inches apart while his green eyes met mine.

My heart thudded in my chest, my body was buzzing, and I couldn't take the tension or

the anticipation for much longer. So, I wrapped my hands around his neck and pulled his mouth down to mine, kissing him like I'd been starved for his touch and quite frankly, I was. It had been a week since the last time, and every night since my body had called for him only to not have an answer. Tonight, I was going to satiate that hunger, and I knew I was too far gone to stop myself.

I kissed him, and he kissed me back with just as much passion, his hands trailing down my back, around my ass. I was already breathing heavily, trying to catch my breath from the kiss that seemed to go on forever. I was melting, almost liquid with each second, every caress that he administered.

His hardness poked at my stomach, and I moaned against his lips as I hurried to fly his pants open. With one pull, he had my robe loose and falling apart, my silk night set beneath.

His eyes drank me in unabashedly, taking note of everything. But I couldn't miss the way his eyes gravitated to my nipples, which were like pebbles pressing against the

silk top. He reached his hand out and pressed his thumb against it before he gently circled it through the fabric. My breath caught in my throat, and I just stood there watching, knees weak as Bruce Allen ruined me.

He moved his hands up and peeled the robe off my shoulder, making it fall to the floor. I was eager to help, so I pulled my top off, exposing him to my naked breasts and my pointy nipples, which missed the feeling of his mouth on them. His eyes were dark as he watched me, and I knew this must have been amusing to him, so I continued.

I stripped myself until I was completely naked and was standing in front of him. His gaze lowered to my belly, and it stayed there. My heart felt like it would burst from my chest, but I didn't do anything to stop the feeling because now this felt more than physical, it felt emotional.

I looked a bit bloated now, but for Bruce, it seemed like I had a ripe swell in front of me, and the sheer emotions passing through me were no short of overwhelming.

Unable to help it, I bounded towards

him and caught his mouth in mine again, kissing him hard and hungry, my body rubbing against his. He didn't hold back. He kissed me with just as much urgency until I could feel my arousal running down my legs.

"I need you inside me… now," I said, my lips bare and raw from the kissing, yet still eager for more.

He lifted me and carried me toward the bed, placing me down while he stripped off his clothes. I swallowed as if it were the first time I'd seen his cock, but I never really could get over how powerful and beautiful it was. My mouth pooled with anticipation as I awaited being penetrated by it.

Bruce hovered over me, kissing me with as much zeal as the first time, his hands sliding along every single curve of my body. With one movement of his hand, he had me on my stomach, my face pressed into the pillows while his hands kneaded and spread my ass.

He straddled me, lowered himself and kissed my head, my shoulders, and before I knew it, I felt him at my entrance. Just as my lips widened, he entered me with a slow

stroke. He softly bit my cheeks as he slowly rolled his hips, pressing his length further and further into me, and when he managed to fit all his length deep inside of me, buried all the way down to the hilt, he kept it there, unmoving. His hips remained still as he kissed my exposed cheek gently, biting, nibbling, teasing, and I had the need to rock my hips with him so deep inside me. I slowly began to roll my hips, and he kissed the corner of my mouth while he glided back and forth inside me now, his length feeling monstrous in this position as we both fucked each other in unison.

I reached my hand up, slid it along the side of his firm buttocks while I slightly arched my own. After a minute or so of being inside me, he eased up in a sitting position and started to move a little faster, spreading my ass cheeks and molding them hard while he muttered a few curses here and there.

My eyes fluttered, my moans filled the room as Bruce went deeper and deeper, harder and harder, until I could feel my ass bouncing back and forth with each thrust. I gripped the sheets and turned my head into the pillows as

Bruce fucked me so hard, yet passionately. I couldn't make sense of how completely different my body felt when I was with him.

He lowered himself on me again, and I whimpered his name, moaning deeply into the pillows when he slid a hand beneath me, his finger sliding against my clit. I bit the pillows, I snapped my eyes shut as Bruce fucked me and fondled me at the same time. My scream wasn't far off as my body began to quiver.

With one sharp thrust, Bruce grunted, and I shared in his orgasm.

Chapter 15

Bruce

I knew I'd dream about last night for years to come, and I'd be a happier man with each thought. I couldn't get her out of my thoughts, I couldn't get over the way her pussy had clung to my cock, how she was drenched with her juices, so wet for me to slide in effortlessly. I couldn't get over the way her body had quivered or how my cum had oozed from her after filling her. The memory would stay with me forever. Her memories would stay with me forever.

And heck, I was hard again. So very hard even as I watched her sleeping so innocently, despite being the little minx she was for taking me. She was a champ, my champ, and I'd always be enthralled by her.

I watched as she slept, her small mouth slightly open, her hair falling down her face and over her slender shoulders. She slept on her stomach, and I could see the swell of her

breast pressed against the sheets, poking out at the sides. The slender curve of her back that led to her round ass, the dimples right at the arch. She was everything, and I simply couldn't get enough.

I reached down to kiss her, but then her phone rang and had me pausing in my tracks. She shuffled on the bed, her long lashes fluttering before her big brown eyes came into view. I couldn't help myself. I reached down and kissed her regardless.

"Don't answer that," I said.

She smiled against my lips and eased up from the bed. "It could be important," she said as she pulled the covers around her and answered.

"Hello," she answered casually, smiling at me from over her shoulders. I smiled too but watched as she tensed up and glanced back at me before she moved toward the windows.

"What? – I can't do that, I'm…" she looked back at me again, and my brows furrowed. "I'm busy. Why are you calling me?"

“I don’t owe you anything – certainly not a conversation, so do me a favor and don’t call me again.”

This time, I propped myself on my elbows as I watched her body language and realized how tense she was. I wondered who it was.

“Fine, give me a second,” she said as she hung up the phone, pulled in a deep breath and then turned to me.

“Is everything alright?”

She rubbed her forehead and shook her head. “That was Connor, he wants to talk to me,” she said, and my teeth clenched, my brows furrowing.

“What did you tell him?”

“I said no, but he insisted that he won’t leave until I do.”

“That fucking – you’re not seeing him,” I said.

“What?”

“He wants to try and rekindle things. He wants to be back in your life, and that’s not going to happen.”

“Wait, how do you know that?”

I pulled in a breath. “Because Paula paid me a visit the other day, and she told me.”

Her mouth fell open. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Tell you what?”

“About Connor.”

“It doesn’t matter – you’re not seeing him.”

“I’m sure I didn’t tell you not to see your ex-wife, did I?” She threw back at me. “Don’t tell me what to do.”

A ghost of a smile played at my lips despite myself. “I didn’t peg you as the jealous type, Diana.”

She snorted. “I’m not!”

“Right. Call back Connor and tell him you won’t be seeing him.”

“I’m not doing that.”

I paused and gawked at her. “What are you going to do, Diana, run off with Connor and my baby?”

Her eyes widened, and a look of disgust

appeared on her face. “Are you kidding me right now?”

“If you have no plans to entertain his ridiculous idea, then why do you want to see him?”

“I don’t have to answer to you, I don’t have to tell you my business. I’m my own person, and I certainly don’t need you meddling in my affairs!” She spat as she made an attempt to dash toward the bathroom.

I grabbed onto her hand and twirled her into me, her body slamming into mine in an oomph. She gasped as our eyes made contact. “You are mine, damnit and the only thing preventing me from telling the world is your father’s damned election. Don’t tempt me,” I said through tightly clenched teeth.

Her little mouth transformed into a pout, and her chest rose and fell from anger. I met her heated gaze and saw every bit of fire that she possessed, and my cock instantly hardened. Before I could get a retort from her, I clamped my mouth to hers and gave myself some of that fire that blazed through her. She kissed me hard before she moaned and pulled

herself apart, breathing heavily, that fire still in her eyes.

We still didn't say a word; only stared at each other heatedly before we were again drawn to each other like a moth drawn to a flame. She kissed me hard, and I held onto her and kissed her with just as much fervor. My veins were pumping fire and desire, and together, we burned for each other.

Diana pulled apart and pushed me to the bed, and I watched as the sheets fell from her, her glorious body once again in full glory.

I fell on my back and smiled as she straddled me, her messy hair falling over her face, her tits bouncing slightly with her hasty movements. I watched with utter satisfaction as she held up my cock and slowly impaled herself on it. My mouth fell open, and so did hers as she slowly consumed every inch of me. Her wetness, her warmth, was maddening, and I knew too soon that I was a goner.

She started to rotate her hips, throwing her head back as she used me for her pleasure. She held her plumped breast and continued to gyrate on me while her juices seeped from her

and down my length. I closed my eyes for a brief second and trailed my hands up her slender thighs as she moved on me.

Her sweet moans filtered the air, they tattooed themselves on my brain. I reached for her hips, ready to take control, but she planted her hands on my chest to stop me and didn't stop for even a second as my cock spiraled inside of her. I let her take whatever control she wanted and just lay there, losing my mind, watching as her succulent lips hung open, how her hair and tits bounced, how her cheeks reddened and how her eyes fluttered occasionally.

She lowered herself and kissed me hard, grazing her teeth along my lower lips before she got back up and started to ride me, her movements getting more erratic. Her walls clamped down on me, her body convulsed, and she screamed as her orgasm pummeled into her.

It triggered my own, and I gripped her thighs, shooting my cum inside her warm, wet channel. Diana collapsed on top of me, breathing heavily while we tried to catch our

breaths. After a second, she rolled to the side and stared up at the ceiling.

"You make a convincing case, Mr. Allen," she said breathlessly.

I chuckled.

She turned and kissed me. "But you still don't get to tell me what to do," she said before she flung her legs off the bed and headed to the bathroom.

I released a sigh and clenched my teeth so hard, I thought they'd shatter in my mouth.

Chapter 16

Diana

I showered and came out to find Bruce still in the bedroom, but this time he had his boxers on and had pulled on his shirt. I cleared my throat and moved past him to the closet, where I pulled on a pair of jeans and a sweater that fell off one shoulder.

I returned to find Bruce with a scowl on his face. “You’re really going to see him.”

“Either that or I invite him up here,” I said, watching the way his scowl deepened. “It’s weird of you to think that anything could possibly happen between Connor and me,” I said as I shook my head and moved to the living room.

“I know that nothing will, I just don’t see why you have to go talk to him.”

“To set the record straight, in person.” I paused at the elevator door and turned to him. “You can let yourself out when you’re ready.”

His clenched jaw was the last thing I

saw before the elevator doors closed.

**

I sighed as I stepped into the hotel lobby and searched the room for Connor. I spotted him at the bar and cleared my throat as I approached. His eyes obviously filled with lust as they roamed me before he slid off the stool and smiled.

"Diana, I'm glad you came… you look amazing," he said as his eyes traveled down the length of my body for the second time.

I managed a tight smile as I slipped on a stool and signaled a waiter. "Ginger ale, please."

"What, no margaritas this time?" He chuckled.

I was a bit taken off guard but managed a smile. "It's ten in the morning, Connor, which makes me wonder what you're doing here this early."

"I went to your office, they said you weren't in as yet, so I decided to come here. I

wanted to talk."

"What about?" I said as I took a good look at him. He was still handsome, no doubt, but he'd really seemed to age over the past two years and didn't look quite as fresh as he once did.

He cleared his throat. "I've had time to think, and well… I was stupid, Diana."

I scoffed.

He swallowed. "I miss you… I've missed you, but I've finally worked up the courage to finally do something about it."

I rubbed the nape of my neck. "And you thought coming here and telling me all this would somehow give you a second chance with me?" I asked, raising a brow.

He rubbed his jaw and shrugged. "Well… yeah. But I plan to prove myself to you. Show you that I'm a changed man."

"That's good for you, Connor, but I'm not interested."

His shoulders dropped as he looked at me. "You're seeing someone else."

"What?" I was more taken aback by the

fact that it was a statement instead of a question.

He pointed to my neck, and I immediately slapped my hand across it as recognition slowly dawned on me. Suddenly, the flashes of having Bruce suckle on my neck last night came crashing back, and I inwardly cursed.

I cleared my throat. “Something like that.”

“Is it serious…?”

My mouth parted. Was it serious? Of course, it was serious with Bruce. I was pregnant.

“Is what serious?” My head snapped to the side, where I saw Bruce walking up to us. I gritted my teeth and reached for my drink.

“Bruce. Damn, what a coincidence,” Connor said as he stood, sharing a brief hug with his once stepfather.

“I heard you were in town, and you didn’t even pay me a visit,” he smiled tightly.

“I was getting to it, but I had to see Diana first.”

Bruce looked at me, and a shiver ran down my spine. “Did you now?”

“Yeah, I’m asking her for a second chance,” he gloated, and I inwardly cringed.

“I’m sure Diana is already taken,” he said, his words firm as he managed to maintain the smile on his face.

I frowned, and our gazes met. “Am I?” I asked.

His jaw flexed as his darkened gaze lowered to my neck. “That love bite says otherwise,” he jabbed.

I decided to ruffle his feathers a little. “Oh, this means nothing.”

He clenched his teeth as he glared at me. It didn’t feel like a joke anymore, and my stomach churned. Bruce was serious.

“So that means I stand a chance?” Connor chipped in.

My gaze snapped to him.

“No,” Bruce stated firmly, and Connor’s brows furrowed. “Miss Dunkley, a word, please,” he said.

I swallowed hard as I slipped off the

chair. Bruce held me by the arm and led me earshot away from Connor.

"What are you doing?" I demanded.

"I warned you not to test me," he gritted out. "I could kiss you right here, right now and have Connor decide if things are *serious* or not."

"We are not in a relationship," I began. "We are only doing this because of the baby," I whispered harshly.

"What part of you are mine didn't you understand?"

"The part where it feels like control," I hissed as I attempted to walk away.

He held my arm and tugged at it, his mouth right at my ear. "We aren't done talking about this," he said before he shot a look at Connor and left.

I sighed as I tried to collect my bearings and face Connor again. He had a frown on his face, and I wanted to sink through the floor.

"What was that all about?" He asked, looking curious.

I pinned my hair behind my ear and

reached for my drink. "Nothing."

"It didn't look like nothing," he said as he stared at me, his eyes searching my face before his eyes widened. "Wait…" he shook his head. "You're as red as a beet, and you have that look…"

My heart plundered. "Wha– what look?"

"Oh, my God, are you screwing Bruce?" He exclaimed, and I gasped.

"Keep your voice down!" I whispered harshly.

He raked his fingers through his hair. "Well, are you?"

My mouth opened, it closed. I didn't know what to say.

"Oh, my fucking God! Really? Really Diana, my stepdad?" He asked in utter disgust.

I sighed. "He isn't your stepdad anymore, and I – we're adults here."

He gawked at me. "Fuck! Oh, wow… so what, is this your way at getting back at me for dumping you?"

Unbelievable, I thought inwardly.

“You really did think too much of yourself, didn’t you. You were the furthest thing from my mind when Bruce and I got together.”

He swallowed visibly. “Out of all the guys in the world, you had to choose him. Him!”

“I didn’t plan for any of this to happen–”

“You really expect me to believe that?” He exclaimed.

“Quite frankly, I don’t care about what you believe, Connor. We are done, and I don’t owe you an explanation for who I sleep with.”

He scoffed and eased back in his chair. “You really haven’t changed, have you? – but oh you have, last time I checked, you weren’t a slut.”

Before I could even give thought to what was happening, my fingers were already making an imprint in his face. My eyes widened as soon as I did it, and my mouth fell open in shock, but I’d be damned if I apologized.

He nodded slowly and gritted his teeth. “He’ll throw you aside like all the other women in his life,” he said as he slid off the stool and shot me one last glance. “Good luck.”

My hands trembled as I brought them to my face. “Shit!”

Chapter 17

Diana

"Do you think he'll tell people?" Kelly asked as she looked up at me from my sofa that evening. I needed some advice on how to go about the whole Connor-Bruce situation, and Kelly was my best friend.

"I don't know; I think he might," I said as I paced the room. "If my dad hears, it will be devastating — if anyone hears about this..." I scoffed.

"Okay, let's think positive here. That positive is Bruce. He wants this, he wants to be a father, and he wants to be with you," she smiled.

I shook my head. "He says that now, but I don't know how he'll feel when all this becomes public. I don't know, Kellz."

"You really need to sit down and have a deep conversation with the man instead of screwing him every chance you get." I flashed her a look, and she held up her hands in

surrender. “Not that I blame you, the man is fine.”

“That’s the thing. I can’t think straight when he’s around. I tell myself that I’m thinking logically, but when he’s around me, I can’t help but just submit myself to him like I’m an idiot or something.”

Kelly was grinning. “Oh, girl, you’ve got it bad,” she giggled.

I rolled my eyes. “He wants me to move in with him.”

Her mouth fell open. “What?”

“Yes, he wants us to be some sort of family or whatever.”

“That’s great!” She exclaimed. “It is great, Diana.”

I shrugged. “I don’t know, Kellz. I still can’t ignore this one major fact that he hates my father. There’s no way it could work; there’s no way I could be with him, knowing that he secretly prays for my father’s demise.”

“Then you need to talk about it with him, let him tell you what happened. You’re a fixer, D. You find solutions to problems.”

I smiled despite myself. “I guess you’re right.”

“I’ve never seen you this way over a man, and yes, you’re gonna have his baby, but you love this man.”

My head snapped towards hers. “What?”

“You love him, and you can try to deny it all you want, but actions speak loud, baby.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat. “What if I get hurt? What if Connor was right? What if he breaks my heart?”

“A man who tells you you’re his is not gonna break your heart,” she laughed.

I rolled my eyes. “I need to get ahead of this before Connor runs his mouth. I need to go see my Dad, and I need to tell him,” I said.

“What about the Campaign?”

“I’ll do damage control if it comes to it, but I can’t let him find out about it from anyone else but me.”

Kelly nodded. “You’re right.”

I bit my lips and pondered telling him. The whole thing made me nauseous.

**

I pulled at my coat, pausing at the doorstep of my parents' mansion, trying to prepare myself for what I was about to tell them. It was almost eight in the night, and I knew this was the time they'd be available, this was the time I'd catch them at a good time.

The keys fumbled in the lock as I made my way in and sighed once I was inside. It was quiet for the first few seconds, but then I could hear my mother's voice in the dining area.

I blew out a breath and went there to find them just as I'd expected. Having a meal and chatting and laughing like the perfect couple they were – the perfect couple I wished to one day emulate. With Bruce? I didn't know. We were complicated.

Both their gazes moved toward me as I stood at the door, frozen. They both smiled, Dad rising immediately as he moved toward me and hugged me.

"Sweetheart, what a lovely surprise," he

said, rubbing my arm.

I smiled. “Thought I’d join you. Sorry for dropping by unannounced.”

Mom snorted. “Oh, don’t be ridiculous, this is your home as much as it is ours. Come, take a seat, have some wine,” she said as she patted the empty chair beside her.

After a small hesitance on my part, I went and took a seat, pouring myself some water instead, which I gulped down in one go. When I let up, both my parents had that worried look on their faces.

“Diana, is everything alright? You don’t look too good. Is the campaign alright?”

“The campaign is fine, Dad. I came here to er–” I paused, looked at both their faces and saw how worried they looked for me. I knew they loved me, that I was their pride and joy, and I knew that if I broke this news to them, I would be an utter disappointment. My parents gave me everything I had; could I be this ungrateful to drop a bomb like this…now?

I straightened in my chair. “I need to know what happened between you and Bruce Allen,” I decided to say instead. “I know you

said it doesn't matter now, but it matters to me, and I need to know."

His brows knitted tightly, and he shook his head. "Diana…"

"You were best friends in college, and then something happened, and he became your sworn enemy. I need to know what happened," I said.

"Why?"

I swallowed. "I need to know if he knows something that he could use against you – use against this campaign, and I need to get ahead of it before anyone else." I hoped this was good enough ammunition, and by the look on my Dad's face, it seemed to be heading in the right direction.

"Diana is right. He looked mighty cozy with Knight the other day. Maybe he knows something – maybe they're working together to plan something," my mom intervened.

Dad shook his head. "Allen isn't that type of guy. He doesn't play dirty."

"Everyone plays dirty every once in a while, honey. You're in politics now; you

should know that."

"Well, what happened?"

He fanned me off. "It's not something that will come back to bite my political career in the ass. Don't worry about it."

"Dad…" I prodded.

He sighed and slumped back in his chair. "Fine. Bruce and I, we were close. We told each other everything," he began. "We had this huge I.T. thing where we had to make a presentation, tell our ideas and all that stuff. Some really influential people would be there – people who could change our lives in an instant or when we left college." He poured himself more wine while I sat at the edge of my seat, waiting for the bomb to drop.

"For weeks, I tried to come up with something – something so innovative it would blow them out the park. I wanted it badly, I wanted to win, and so when Bruce came spilling his idea to me, I did what I had to do to win…"

I gasped. "You– you stole his idea?"

His Adam's apple bobbed. "I won."

I scoffed and bounded from my chair, grabbing my purse. “You don’t do that to someone you say is your best friend – you don’t do that to anyone!”

“Bruce turned out fine! He’s the wealthiest man in the city, for Christ’s sake!” He exclaimed. “He was always smarter, and that made it easy for him, but I had to scrape my way up to be what I am now.”

My lips quivered. “You mean cheat.”

“Diana, come on. I tried to tell Bruce I was sorry, he didn’t accept. Instead, he decided to become my sworn enemy and has tried to thwart my success ever since.”

“Do you blame him?” I snapped. “You betrayed him, you betrayed your friendship, and for years, you’ve made me believe that he was the bad guy – the devil, when it was you all along!”

“Diana, Sweetheart… yes, your Dad did a horrible thing, but this happened more than twenty years ago, why do you care so much?”

My gaze shifted to my mom, my eyes a shaky pool of water. My body was shaking and my whole body a fire storm of anger. “I– I

have to go," I said before I dashed from the room, the sound of my parents calls echoing behind me.

Chapter 18

Diana

I drove, and I drove until my journey landed me to the one place I probably shouldn't even be right now. Tears had managed to stop streaming down my face, but I couldn't stop them from welling up in my eyes every time I thought about the encounter with my Dad. Everything just felt overwhelming, and so here I was, not knowing if this would make things better or worse.

I knocked on the door and waited, glancing back at my car every now and then and wondering if I should just get back in it and head home.

Just then, the door opened, and there stood Bruce, looking concerned. He was in this casual navy shirt and sweats, his hair looking damp from a shower, and I couldn't help myself. I wanted this – I wanted him.

I threw myself at him and clamped my mouth to his, kissing him hard on the lips as

we stumbled inside. He wrapped his hands around me, and just like that, everything else was nonexistent. He kissed me with passion and hunger that weakened my knees and rushed through my veins like wildfire. He commanded every single inch of my body in a way I could not resist. I couldn't. I was his. Entirely his.

But then he broke the kiss, cupped my face in both his hands while his gaze searched my face.

"What's wrong?"

My lips quivered. "Nothing is wrong." I attempted to kiss him again, but he backed away.

"Diana, talk to me," he insisted, using his thumb to caress my cheeks.

I pulled away and stomped to his living room, where I plopped down on his sofa and rested my head into my palms, shutting my eyes tightly. I could hear him beside me, I could smell him – almost taste him.

"My Dad told me what happened between you two," I admitted, looking up at him and watching as his brows furrowed. He

didn't say anything, but I saw the way his jaw visibly clenched. "I get why you hate him."

"Diana–"

"He was your best friend, and he betrayed you – ripped that trust out from right under you. I get it. I just…" I trailed off and sniffled. "I thought you were the bad guy, and I didn't ask, I didn't try to find out, I just went along with it just because I believed him. Just because he's my dad."

He sat beside me and looked me dead in the eye, but this wasn't the cold Bruce Allen who was looking back at me. He was the caring Bruce Allen I'd only recognized when he had touched every corner of my body.

"I understand that, and I have to apologize to you too. I assumed you were just the same as your father, and I was wrong. I had no right to judge you from the very beginning."

I brushed at my tears. "I went there today to tell them about the baby," I confessed, and he perked up a little. "Instead, I asked him about you. It feels like it should be easier now, knowing what I now know, but it

isn't. I don't know if I can."

He reached for my hand. "Then we do this together. We're in this together, Diana. Now and forever."

I nodded. "I wanted to get ahead of this before Connor runs his mouth. I wanted to fix it, but now I don't know."

"Tell you what; arrange dinner or something with your parents at seven. We'll tell them together, and we'll get through this together."

My eyes stung. "Are you sure?"

"Positive," he said before he leaned in and kissed me tenderly on the lips. I closed my eyes as I reveled in the soft, sweet taste of his mouth, my body spiraling as arousal trickled through me.

"I should go," I said against his lips.

"Stay."

**

My gasps echoed through the room as his

hands searched my thighs, pressing deep into my flesh before they finally settled at the most sensitive spot. He paused a little, his gaze running along the frame of my nakedness, his hot breath on my flesh, causing more juices to pool inside me. His hands trailed along my stomach and up to my chest, where he clasped one firm breast into his hand, squeezed gently, and then he slowly pressed me down so I was lying on my back on the dining room table.

I stared at the blank ceiling, trying to catch my breath, trying to make sense of the way my body was feeling as Bruce used his tongue to do sinful things to my most sacred parts. My flesh was hot, wet and dripping a pool of wetness as he feasted hungrily between my thighs, his tongue licking me repeatedly, suckling on my clit as he glanced up at me to see if I was still being a good girl.

My eyes widened, then squinted, trying to focus because my gaze had blurred, and the sheer intensity of my pleasures made my vision spotty.

“Bruce,” was the only word I could find, and it seemed to invigorate him because he

prodded deeper, faster, lapping at my flesh like he had spent his days only lusting for it.

His hand squeezed my breast, and my walls tightened as more of my wetness flowed for him. He licked me from top to bottom, and when I was sure that my heart would burst, he stopped. My breathing became heavy. I eased up to question him on why he stopped, but before the words could leave my mouth, he kissed me, and I tasted myself on his lips. A mixture of him and a mixture of me.

I sought more of it, deepening our kiss as I ravished the taste of me from his mouth and entangled my tongue with his. As we kissed like we were starved, his fingers found my entrance. I moaned when he slipped in two and drove them back and forth inside me, still not breaking the kiss.

I opened my legs a little wider and clung to him as he kissed me and fingered me all at once. My head was swirling, my body was beating at a steady pulse just waiting to explode.

He drove those fingers to the hilt and my back arched, my mouth opening against

him as my orgasm began to beat at my gates. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, he paused inside me and began to circle his thumb on my clit. I didn't last a minute; my body stiffened, I clamped my teeth down on Bruce's lips and could taste the metallic taste of blood on my lips.

He continued to rub my pussy until I was a quivering mess, my back once again on the table with him hovering above me. He smiled and then he kissed me and that was pure… *bliss*.

Chapter 19

Bruce

I pulled on my pants and watched as Diana shimmied her way into her dress. She was fresh out of a shower, and she had a certain radiance about her that couldn't be mistaken. I knew what it was, and it filled me with pride every single time I looked at her.

"You should get some clothes over here," I said.

She blew out a breath. "Bruce..."

"I'm not insinuating anything. All I'm saying is, it would be better if you had a few pieces, so you don't have to head back in the ones from the previous night," I shrugged.

"I'll think about it." She walked toward me and turned her back to me, exposing her unzipped dress with her pristine skin underneath. I touched her naked skin, and she pulled in a breath, her body tensing up a little. I leaned in and kissed her neck, enjoying the smell of my body wash on her skin.

“Bruce,” she giggled. “I really have to go.”

“I wish you didn’t have to, I wish you could stay here with me in this little bubble that we have created for ourselves and never leave.”

She turned to me and smiled. “Sounds like you wanna make more babies out of me.”

I wrapped my hands around her and pulled her body against mine, our foreheads touching. “Would that be such a bad thing?”

She laughed. “You need coffee to get that head of yours thinking straight, and I need to go,” she said as she kissed me briefly on the lips. “I’ll see you later?”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world,” I said as I watch her grab her purse and leave the room.

**

Somehow, despite having Diana for the entire night, I still couldn’t stop thinking about her. There was this dinner, and I should be

panicking, but I wasn't. I knew what I wanted and that was Diana and this baby, and nothing would get in the way of me having them. They were mine, and every single second I spent with her made me more aware.

My gaze shifted toward the door that opened suddenly where my ex-wife made an appearance, a smug grin on her face this time.

"Paula," I said, leaning back in my chair. "You don't have an appointment. Why are you here?"

"Oh, please. I didn't think I needed one. I wanted to see my ex-husband, and I didn't think I needed to talk to his secretary for that," she said as she walked toward me with hips swaying.

"What do you want?"

She smiled. "I want to get back in your good graces."

"Quite the request. What, you suddenly decided that millionaire didn't sit well with you. Wanted to up your game to billionaire… again?"

She raised a brow and chuckled. "You

know me well."

"It's not going to happen. I don't want you back."

"Come on, Bruce…"

"I was generous enough to give you a pretty penny in our divorce settlement. If you squandered all that and are looking for a way to get rich again, I'm definitely not your guy."

She twisted her lips derisively. "We were good together."

"Until you decided that my status, my money, my perks weren't good enough. Until you decided to be ungrateful and sleep with every man who blinked dollar signs. I'm done with you, Paula. Get out of my office."

She gritted her teeth and crossed her arms. "I know you're sleeping with her."

I frowned. "What?"

"Connor told me. My son told me that you're screwing his ex-girlfriend," she hissed.

I gritted my teeth. "Whatever you think you know, whatever Connor thinks he knows–"

"Is the truth. I didn't come here to

confirm it, I came here to tell you that I know."

My brows furrowed as I looked at her and saw the victory on her face. Her lips twitched, she wanted to laugh in my face, but she didn't.

I stood and rounded the table, so I was standing right in front of her. She craned her neck to look up at me, so I didn't seem too intimidating, but I knew better.

"Okay, let's say that's true. What do you plan on doing about it?" I raised a brow in challenge.

"You stop this, we make a little arrangement about our future," she smoothened the lapels on my jacket and smiled at me. "And I don't tell the world that you're screwing a girl half your age, your stepson's ex-girlfriend and your rival's daughter."

I smiled. "Go right ahead."

She gasped and took a step back. "What?"

"Go and tell the world, Paula. Go and

start up this rumor, paint yourself as the jealous gold-digging ex and see where that gets you. Because your reputation in this city is so golden and trustworthy." I raised a brow at her, finding my own victory in the appalled look on her face, her glossy eyes.

"How could you even do this? She's Connor's ex, she's Keith Dunkley's kid. Has this slut got you so tightly wrapped around her little finger that you don't see that she'll ruin you?"

I stormed toward her and held a finger to her face, my blood hot. "Don't you dare!" I spat, watching the way her eyes widened. "Don't you dare, in my presence or anywhere else, call her that."

She stared at me with her mouth wide open. "Oh, my gosh! You love this girl… you really love this girl," she said as she brought her hand to her mouth.

I blinked and swallowed hard.

Paula laughed. "The great Bruce Allen in love!" She exclaimed. "She will ruin you! She is just like her father, who will use you until you're no longer of any use to them."

I took a step toward her and breathed a sigh. “Paula, listen to me,” I said, looking her right in the eye. “I will ruin you, I’ll have you shipped back to Vegas and waiting tables if you ever try to interfere in my personal life again. Do I make myself clear?”

Her tightly drawn lips quivered. “Y–yes.”

I smiled. “Good. Now if you’ll excuse me, I have work to do.” I moved back around my desk and took a seat, looking up at Paula, who remained frozen in that spot.

After a second, she cleared her throat, grabbed her purse and dashed toward the door.

I released a breath and leaned back into my chair. She was right about one thing…

I was in love with Diana Dunkley.

Chapter 20

Diana

"Ok, so let me lead the argument when I get there. You don't really have to say anything, you just have to sit and let me talk," I said to Bruce who just had a smug smile on his face as he stared at me.

I frowned. "Are you listening to me?"

"I am, and everything will be fine, Diana. You don't have to treat me like a client or anything like that."

I sighed. "I just want things to go smoothly. From the very moment you enter through those doors, everything will change, and I just want that to go as smoothly as possible."

He reached for my hand and squeezed it gently. "Diana, everything will be fine," he said, and the look in his eyes and his touch brought me some comfort, but then the car stopped, and I began to panic all over again.

“Ok, we’re here. This is it,” I said. “Are you sure you wanna do this?”

Bruce chuckled. “Am I sure? Baby, I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else.”

I smiled and leaned into him to kiss him softly before I opened the door to Bruce’s limousine and stepped outside. I stared at my parent’s house and mustered a sigh before Bruce came to stand beside me, his fingers lacing through mine. I turned to him and smiled, and he smiled too.

**

I decided to knock this time instead of using the key that I still had because I had a visitor, maybe an unwelcome one, so I really had to ask for permission for him to enter.

I knocked and waited for an answer, and within seconds, my mom pulled the door open and was on the other side, her eyes immediately going wide when she saw me with Bruce. Her gaze searched both our faces before they lowered to our hands, still

intertwined together.

"Christ, Diana get in before somebody sees you," she hissed as she tugged at my shoulders and ushered me inside the house.

We stopped in the entryway, and she sighed, shaking her head before she glanced at Bruce.

"This isn't the best time. You should go, Mr. Allen."

"Mom, we came here to talk to both you and Dad. Where is he?" I asked, looking around.

"Diana, sweetheart, I'm telling you this is the worst possible timing."

"Wha–"

"What is he doing here?" A voice roared, and I almost jumped, recognizing it to be my father's.

He appeared in the distance, his jaw clenched, his eyes shooting daggers as he glared at Bruce. Before I knew it, he was bolting toward him and collaring him as he slammed him to the wall.

My high-pitched scream pierced the

room as I watched them tussle. Bruce managed to hold my father off at a distance, and as much as I wanted to say something to get them off each other, I couldn't. It was all transpiring too fast.

"Stop it!" Mom yelled, trying to break them apart. "Stop!"

That seemed to get their attention because Bruce shoved my dad in the chest, and he didn't exactly manage to attack him again.

"I don't want to fight with you, Keith, but if we both have a go at this, we both know who the clear victor will be," Bruce spat as he adjusted his jacket.

"How dare you come into my house – how dare you show your face here!" Dad snapped.

"Dad–"

"Don't!" He snapped as he spun towards me, lips drawn together in a grim line. "You blaze in here talking about my morals and my betrayal when you have done the exact thing to your own father!"

My eyes pricked with tears. “What?”

His nose flared as he glared at me, then he stormed into the sitting area. I glanced at my mom, and she sighed before she followed suit. I followed behind her, and we all made a trail into the living room, where my dad scraped a folder off the coffee table and glanced at me.

“These were dropped off about half an hour ago by some anonymous source,” he gritted as he pulled a photograph from it and slapped it down on the table. “Imagine my surprise when I opened it to find these!”

I gasped, my eyes instantly welling with more tears as I glared at the photos that my father slapped one by one on the table, spreading them out so I could see everything. My body grew numb, weak… stiff. My head began to spin as I looked on the photos. Photos of Bruce entering the OBGYN’s office, of me doing the same thing – of us on the outside.

I slowly peered my gaze away to look up at my father whose face was a picture of disappointment, anger and disgust. My heart

fell to the pit of my stomach, and my world became hazy.

"I've sat here for half an hour, trying to figure out if this is some joke, if this was really my daughter parading with the devil himself. And then I zoomed in on what was really happening. Wha– what were you doing at a gynecologist's office with him, Diana?" He demanded, but I had a feeling he already knew the answer. It was written all over his face.

The tears fell from my eyes. "Dad, please… I …"

"Tell me. I want you to say the words, I want you to say it–"

"She doesn't have to say anything to you," Bruce intervened.

"I'm talking to my daughter!" He yelled, and I flinched.

"I'm pregnant!" I blurted, feeling my body shake and hearing my mother's gasp that would haunt my dreams for years to come. I looked at my dad. I met his angry, teary gaze, and my lips quivered as the sob I tried to hold in burned my throat.

“I’m pregnant, and Bruce is the father,” I managed.

My mom gasped again, she held her stomach like she had just been sucker punched and took a seat.

“How– how could you do this to me– to us?” He asked, his voice deadly calm now, and I didn’t know which pitch was more terrifying.

“Calm down, Dunkley. You don’t have to worry about Diana or the baby.”

His gaze snapped toward Bruce. “Was this– was this your way of getting back at me? For what I did, how many years ago? Was this it? Take my only daughter and defile her?!” He spat, drops of his saliva flying across the room. “You’ve certainly done it, Allen. You did it. You’ve got me now… you’ve gotten your revenge.”

“I have better things to do than seek out revenge, Keith,” Bruce began. “Yes, I prayed for your downfall, I hoped you’d get what was coming to you, what you truly deserved, but Diana wasn’t a part of any plot or ploy for some crazy revenge scheme. That’s more your style!”

He scoffed as his gaze shifted to me again. “You’re a part of my campaign, you are the only person I trusted to run this thing, and you betrayed me. You went out there, and you spread your legs for this man, and now you’re going to have his bastard child.”

“Don’t you dare talk to her like that?!” Bruce snapped as he lunged toward my father.

“Get out. Get out of my house. Both of you!” He barked, and I flinched, completely crippled by all that was happening around me. My heart was ripping to shreds.

Bruce held my hand and turned to me, using his other hand to brush away the tears. “Everything will be fine. Let’s go.”

I swallowed the painful lump in my throat and turned to my parents. My mom looked sad more than anything else, but my Dad just looked plain angry.

“I’m sorry,” I croaked before Bruce held my hand and led me out of the house.

**

“We’ll be fine. That’s all that matters,” Bruce said when we were outside. “Let’s get you back to my place. I’ll run you a bath, order us something to eat and then you get some rest,” he said as he used his thumb to wipe away the excess tears from my face.

I shook my head and reached for his hand. “I need to go home.”

“Diana, I’m not letting you be alone when you’re like this. We’ll head back to my place, and I’ll be with you.”

“I need to be alone, I need to think, I need some time!” I snapped as I stomped toward the car.

“Diana–”

“Stop!” I hissed as I spun towards him. “I can’t do this! I can’t!”

His brows furrowed. “What are you talking about?”

“I can’t do this with you, Bruce. We can’t be together. The only thing we have in common is the baby, and I’ll figure out a way to split custody or something, but I can’t… do this,” I sobbed.

He froze as if he couldn’t believe the words that came from my mouth. My heart shattered in my chest, seeing the defeated look on his face, the way it seemed like his heart was breaking too.

I sobbed and ran to my father’s driver, instructing him to bring me home. I watched Bruce’s fading silhouette in the rear view before I disappeared around a corner.

I broke down into a puddle of tears as I made my way home… alone.

Chapter 21

Diana

I lay in bed, staring at the blank walls for what seemed like an eternity. It felt like an eternity, but it had only been two days. Two days since my life had turned upside down. I had managed to stop crying, but my heart was heavy and painful and gave me no motivation to leave this room.

I reached for my phone on the nightstand and glanced at the fifty-two missed calls from Bruce, five from Kelly and one from my mom. There was none from Dad, which meant he still hated me, and I just couldn't get over that as yet. The look on his face, the words that had been spurted from his mouth. None of it would leave me, and it left me anchored to this bed, ashamed and embarrassed.

I didn't know how I could face them again, knowing they wanted nothing to do with me. The elevator dinged, and by the

sound of the heels tapping against the marble floors, I knew it was Kelly.

I squeezed my eyes shut and remained in that spot, waiting for her to make an appearance.

“Oh, my gosh, D. I’ve been trying to call you!” She exclaimed as she came to sit beside me on the bed.

“I’m fine,” I reassured.

“You don’t look fine. Have you eaten anything?”

“Of course, I have, Kelly. Regardless of what has happened, I want to carry my baby,” I huffed out a breath.

“Good. Your mom kinda filled me in on what happened. I’m sorry, D.”

I sighed as I eased up on the bed. “I knew what was coming, I knew that this wouldn’t go smoothly, and I didn’t prepare myself for it,” I said.

“There was no way you could have prepared yourself for this. In every scenario, Keith Dunkley would have ended up enraged. It’s normal, but he’ll get over it.”

I shook my head. “I don’t think he will, Kellz. You should have seen the look on his face when I told him. He… he hates me.”

“He doesn’t. You’re his daughter.”

“He’s wanted to be mayor for such a long time, and I could jeopardize that for him – with this. I could make it harder for him to get elected. This scandal…”

“Wait, do you know who sent him the photos?”

I shook my head and raked my fingers through my hair. “I don’t know, it was anonymous, but I don’t think it’ll take long for whoever it is to show the whole world.”

“Do you think it was Connor?”

“No. It couldn’t have been. We went to the doctor’s office before Connor found out about us, and he didn’t know I’m pregnant.”

Kelly sighed. “Have you spoken to Bruce since? What does he have to say?”

“I don’t know. I haven’t been answering his calls.”

“Diana –”

“I need time, Kellz. I need time to wrap

my head around this."

"You shouldn't be pushing Bruce away. He's on your side. Apart from me, he's the only one on your side, and if this goes public, that will remain the same."

I rubbed my forehead. "How could I have been so stupid? I knew that getting involved with him would somehow come back to bite me in the ass!"

"No, don't do this. Don't do that. Bruce is good, and this baby that you're carrying is good. All this that's happening is good. Just because your father can't stand behind it and accept it for what it is doesn't mean that you should damn everything else to hell."

"I just … I wanted a clean Campaign, and I wanted him to win. My father has given me everything, Kellz. I wanted this for him–"

"Diana, Keith can still win this. Even if this comes out, even if it creates a scandal, he can still win. Knight is barely keeping his head above water, he's down in the polls, and people love your dad."

"I don't know that."

Kelly sighed. “Look on the bright side. It has been two days, and those photos haven’t hit the internet as yet. That’s good news.”

I wanted to feel optimistic, but the gnawing feeling in the pit of my stomach told me to be alert.

**

My cellphone rang just as I came out of the bathroom. I picked it up, realized it was Bruce and paused, deciding whether or not I should answer.

I answered it and placed it to my ear without saying a word. “Diana?” He asked, and I remained silent.

“We need to talk. I miss you,” he said, and I closed my eyes.

“You need to talk to me, I need to know that you’re okay. If not, I’ll head right over to your apartment and demand that you let me up, but I’m sure you wouldn’t want that attention, would you? Not now.”

“I’m fine,” I croaked, clearing my throat.

“And the baby?”

I subconsciously touched my stomach, and my heart fluttered. “The baby is fine.”

“Come to my place, or I come to yours. The choice is yours, but I need to see you, I need to talk to you.”

I sniffled. “I’m not ready.”

“Diana–”

“We can never work, Bruce. It won’t work in the real world …”

“I refuse to believe that. I won’t.”

“I’m sorry, but I’ve gotta go,” I said before I hung up the phone. My lips quivered as I tried to hold back the tears. All of a sudden, that promise I made to myself not to cry again was broken.

Chapter 22

Bruce

I couldn't think, I couldn't sleep, and I couldn't eat all because of one woman. All because I was worried about her. I was tempted to head over to her place and demand that she let me up, but she didn't want the attention, and she had made that clear. She said she had needed some time to think, and I had given her that– I accepted that. But what I could not accept was her saying we could never work. I couldn't. There was no way I could.

For the past few days, I hadn't been thinking clearly, but the fog had cleared now for a bit because I knew there was no way I could just sit back and watch her slip through my fingers. That wasn't going to happen, and so I have to fix this.

I couldn't let those photos go public. It would devastate Diana, but on the other hand, I had no trail – nothing to lead me back to who sent the Dunkleys those photos in the first

place. The first person I thought of was my ex-wife, Paula, but the timing wasn't right. It had to be someone else.

"That fucking asshole," I spat as I pulled my phone from my pocket and made a quick dial.

"Mr. Allen," the voice came.

"The dirt I asked for on Knight… did you get anything?"

"Actually, I did. I meant to email you the documents, but I got caught up and–"

"Send me… now."

"Yes, Sir," he said before I hung up.

I pulled up my computer and went to my email, where I saw my newest mail. I opened it, and as I read it, a smile tilted the corners of my lips.

**

I stepped out of the elevator to the floor Sully Knight worked with a kill folder strapped under my arm as I walked purposefully toward

his office. His employees parted the way, some almost tripping over their own feet to give me way as soon as they recognized who I was.

My veins pumped with anger, but for now, I was taming the beast that desperately wanted to rear its head.

His secretary scrambled from her desk when she saw that I showed no signs of stopping and ran toward me. “Mr. Allen. Pleasure to meet you, Sir, but you’re not on Mr. Knight’s schedule.”

I ignored her and pushed the door open to Sully Knight’s office, leaving it to swing open. He looked up from his table, and an amused smile graced his aging face.

“Sir, I tried to stop him, but–”

“Carmen, leave us!” He instructed, and the woman immediately hastened to close the door behind her before she escaped to her desk.

“I was wondering when you’d come,” Sully began. “In fact, the clock was dangerously ticking.”

My brows furrowed, and for a second, I

decided to entertain whatever this was, giving him enough rope to hang himself.

"What do you want?" I asked.

He laughed as he rose from his chair. "Turns out I was right, Bruce. You were, in fact, screwing the Dunkley girl. I knew it, I just needed to prove it, and I did."

"Why did you send the Dunkleys the photos?"

He shrugged. "I wanted you to see that I wasn't kidding, that I held some power too. But those photos were still not enough for me to win; I need you by my side as well."

"And you think I'd just go along with whatever you say just because what?" I raised a brow.

"Because you don't want to hurt your little baby mama," he chuckled. "Leaked photos right before an election would devastate the family. And believe it or not, as much as I was tempted to release those photos to the public, your support means more to me – your contribution to my campaign."

I scoffed. "Drop out."

His brows furrowed, and a strained laugh left his lips. “What?”

“Tomorrow at your little rally, you’re going to announce that you’ll be dropping out from the race, that due to unforeseen circumstances, you’ll be canceling your campaign for mayor.”

That fearful look started to settle on his face. The smile slowly faded, and a frown took its place. “What makes you think I’d want to do that?”

I approached him and placed the folder on his desk, flipping open the first page for him. “Because if you don’t, *I* will tell the world that you’re a murderer. I’ll tell them that twenty-five years ago, that poor boy didn’t fall from the building like everyone thinks. I’ll tell them that you, Sully Knight, pushed him to his death because you were jealous and enraged that your girlfriend cheated on you. I’ll tell them that your family made numerous large payments to keep this under wraps. I’ll tell them that you’re not fit to be this city’s mayor,” I smiled.

After skipping through the pages, he

looked up at me, jaw clenched and eyes red and teary as he glared at me with anger cruising through every fiber of his being.

"Where did you get this?!" He spat.

I chuckled. "Doesn't matter, but you should always bear in mind that I am not a pushover. You don't threaten me, you don't threaten the people I love because I'll hit back, and I'll hit back hard. I am very resourceful, Sully, and it would do you good to remember that."

He was fuming, his nose flaring, a single vein popping up in his forehead as he glared at me. "Drop out, destroy the photos, or I promise you, this will go public. Choose which side of history you'd rather be on, Knight."

He swallowed visibly and remained quiet. I pulled in a breath as I looked around his office and walked towards the door. "Nice office you've got here. I'll see you around."

I left his office feeling energized.

Next mission: Get my girl.

Chapter 23

Bruce

I pulled at the hem of my jacket, cleared my throat and then I knocked on the front door of the Dunkley's mansion. Last time I was here with Diana, but this time I was here alone.

Maria opened the door, and her eyes widened when she saw me standing there. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to talk to you and your husband," I said as I looked over her shoulders for signs of Keith.

"This was a bad idea coming here. The last person Keith wants to see is you," she said, holding onto the door.

"I won't be long," I reassured.

She sighed and shook her head before she stepped aside and allowed me entry. I stepped inside and followed behind Maria Dunkley as she led me to the back by the pool. There, Keith sat having a drink, but as soon as he saw me, his face soured into a snarl.

“What the hell are you doing here?”

“I’m not here to fight, I came here to talk,” I said as I pulled up a chair and took a seat.

“You have some nerve–”

“In twenty-four hours, Sully Knight will forfeit the mayoral race, and that’s thanks to me. I think you owe me a listening ear for at least five minutes.”

“What?”

I glanced at Maria. “This baby is happening, whether or not you both accept it, and I will be the father and a part of their lives whether or not you accept that as well.”

“Get out of our house, Allen.”

“Not until you’ve heard what I have to say,” I retorted, looking between them.

“Diana and I getting together was not a part of some scheme designed to ruin you, Keith, because, despite your beliefs, the world doesn’t exactly revolve around you. Nobody is out to get you, and at this point, I couldn’t care less what happens to you or your career. Diana and this baby are my only priority now,

and I will move heaven and earth to ensure that they're okay. She's in her first trimester, and though she is fine now, what she doesn't need to be doing is worrying about what her parents think of her. You need to apologize."

"You don't come in here and tell us what to do!" Keith lashed out.

"I just did. Listen, whatever hard feelings we have about the past, I'm willing to put it behind me for her sake. I suggest you do the same."

Keith grunted as he frowned, but I could see he was more composed than he had been a few minutes ago.

"You could have any woman you wanted in this city, why her? Why my daughter?"

"Diana and I, we clicked. I didn't plan for any of this to happen, but it did, and here we are. Here I am in love for the very first time in my life, and I'd do *anything* to make her happy."

Maria gasped. "You really love her?"

I paused because I'd suddenly realized

that I had said it out loud – said it to her parents. But the truth was, it felt good.

I nodded. “I’m in love with her, and you might not want to believe that, but I have nothing to prove to you and everything to prove to her, so if you’ll excuse me… I think my five minutes is up,” I said as I stood.

“Election or not, they will ruin her in the press. They’ll say things about her, dig up her past… all because she decided to lay in bed with *you*,” Keith informed, his voice calmer.

“I won’t let anything happen to her,” I said.

“You aren’t God, Bruce!” He snapped. “My baby girl will be nothing but the latest bimbo on your arms. A scandal will swing, and Diana will get the shitty end of the stick.”

I pulled in a breath as I pondered his words. He wasn’t exactly wrong, but I didn’t want him to be right either.

“There’s only one solution. Something that’ll make this more digestible for the public, for her.”

My brows furrowed, wondering where Keith was going with this as I listened carefully. “I can’t believe I’m about to say this, but if you want to make things right, you’ll have to marry my daughter.”

My mouth fell open, and for the first time in a while, words failed me.

Chapter 24

Diana

I saw it, but I couldn't believe it. Sully Knight was on Tv, announcing that he would be dropping out of the race for mayor 'to focus on family.'

The first thing I wanted to do was ring my father, but he was still not talking to me. Maybe Bruce had some answers, but I was still stuck trying to figure out if he was right. If what I was doing with him was right. I missed him more than I had ever missed anything in my entire life, and yet, here I was, searching for logic to convince myself that all Bruce Allen would ever do was destroy my family. That was what I wanted myself to believe, but I couldn't bring myself to accept him not being in my life.

Each negative thought of him was met with a reminder of how gentle he had been when he was with me or how rough he was, depending on the mood. If I thought hard, it

was like I could taste his lips on mine, his hands exploring every inch of my body, him inside me. If I closed my eyes for a second, those were the memories that assailed me. Me being in his arms, feeling the safest and most desirous I had ever felt. Could I bring myself to lose that just because *daddy* didn't approve?

My phone rang, the ring tone sounding louder than usual, piercing through the silence in my room and hauling me out of my thoughts. I reached for it. "Hi."

"Hi," Bruce said. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," I reassured. "Is everything okay?"

"I'm by your parents' place. We were wondering if you could come over to talk."

My brows furrowed in curiosity, and my mouth fell open in shock. "*You* are at my parents' house?"

"That's right."

"Why?"

"I'll explain everything once you get here. You'll come?"

I scratched my head. "I'll be there in

twenty minutes," I said before I hung up the phone and stared blankly at the wall, trying to figure out what was going on. Why was Bruce at my parents' house and why did the whole bunch of them want to talk to me? Was this about the campaign? I asked myself.

Blowing out a sigh, I tossed my blanket to the side and pattered to the bathroom.

**

Bruce's driver was here, my parents' vehicles were here, so it clearly wasn't a joke. Not that Bruce was the type to make jokes. Why would they anyway? I walked up to the steps, and the door opened with Grace on the other side with a smile on her face.

"Grace, hi… which side are my parents?"

"They're by the pool, ma'am."

"Thanks," I smiled as I began my trek there. I couldn't help the nervousness in the pit of my stomach. The feeling of wanting to

throw up that had nothing to do with my pregnancy.

I walked up and saw them all seated there, civilized, no one on top of each other trying to win a fight. I blinked, wondering for a brief second if I'd imagined things. My father and Bruce were actually seated in the same room without one trying to insult the other. And my mom, she had a smile on her face this time, not sad anymore.

"What's going on?" I asked, looking from one to the other.

"Sweetheart, have a seat," my dad said as he tapped the empty chair beside him – opposite Bruce.

After some hesitance, I moved toward them and took the seat my father had offered me. My gaze met Bruce's for a second, and that warm, tingling feeling consumed my body.

"Sully Knight dropped out of the race," my dad began, and I looked toward him.

"I know. What's that about?" I questioned.

“Somehow, Bruce here managed to make it happen,” he said.

I looked at Bruce with brows raised. “I’ll explain in further detail later.”

I cleared my throat. “So now the seat is yours no matter what happens. It’s too late now for someone to step in. You’ve won.”

He cleared his throat. “Look, Diana. I’m sorry for the things I said the other day and how I reacted. I let my anger get the best of me, and I shouldn’t have.”

There was some relief that floated through me, but then I felt hurt all over again. “So that’s why you called me here? Because I’m no longer a threat to your campaign?” I asked as I looked at my parents, my eyes welling with tears.

“Diana that’s not it. Regardless of what will happen to my campaign, you’re still at risk for a scandal, and I don’t want that.”

I swallowed the lump in my throat. “What?”

“We are the two most powerful men in the City, and you’re pregnant to the man that’s

supposed to be my enemy. Whether we like it or not, this will be a nightmare for everyone here, but more so you. They'll drag you through the mud."

I blinked a few times. "Well, what do you suggest I do? I'm not getting rid of my baby," I exclaimed.

"No one is suggesting you do that, Honey," my mom said.

"Then what?" I asked, genuinely confused.

"Marry me," Bruce said, and I stiffened, wondering if I had even heard correctly.

"What?" I asked as I glanced at him, seeing the small smile in place as he stared at me.

"We think the only way for this to be less destructive on your character is if you marry Bruce, sell a love story…" my dad chipped in and my gaze snapped toward him.

My head was reeling. Somehow, I didn't want to believe this was happening, but it was, and they were serious. I could see the look on their faces.

“It’ll also be good for business. This type of union would strengthen our businesses – we could be unstoppable, Sweetheart,” my mom smiled.

She was actually smiling as if this was settled. As if this was the best idea she could have possibly thought of. And Bruce, Bruce was just staring at me with this doey look in his eyes, completely on board with this.

I straightened up in my chair in an attempt to compose myself while I was falling apart on the inside. “So while I was worried about you two forgiving me, you two were here, plotting my future as if I’m some object with no say–”

“Diana, that’s not–” Mom started.

“I don’t want any of you to handle me!” I fired. “I don’t want anyone of you to handle me as if I’m incapable of making my own decisions!” I glared at Bruce.

“We were thinking in your best interest,” Dad said.

“My best interest or yours, Dad?” I asked, my vision blurry with tears. “You wanted nothing to do with me until you found

out that your competition was out of the way. All of a sudden, you're buddies with Bruce again just because he did you a favor, and now you want to sell me off to the highest bidder because you're afraid your brand will be damaged when they start to call your daughter a slut!"

"Diana!" My mom scolded.

I bolted from my chair and stood, staring down at them. "Have you even apologized to Bruce for what you did in college? I don't think so because you have this freaking God complex where you believe you're better than everyone, and you still somehow believe that betraying him was nothing. You don't regret it, and I can't believe that I looked up to you for such a long time when you were an asshole the whole time!"

"Diana…" Bruce tried to intervene this time.

"I'm not marrying you!" I exclaimed, and my body instantly stiffened as the words left my mouth. Our gazes met, and I could see the pain in his eyes that ripped at my heart.

I couldn't be here. I couldn't stand to be

here a second longer and so I fled the poolside and rushed to my car with tears streaming from my eyes.

Chapter 25

Bruce

A deafening silence fell around us when Diana left. I remained grounded in my chair, replaying her words over and over in my head and hearing the conviction in her voice when she had said she wouldn't marry me.

I didn't know how this would play out. When Keith had made the suggestion, I thought it was ludicrous, but two minutes later, the idea consumed me like a fog and the complexities didn't matter. All that mattered was having her as my wife.

I didn't think I would feel joy at the idea, especially after having just divorced just a year ago, but I was ready and more willing than I had been the first time the thought crossed my mind. Diana was mine, and the only way I could write it into stone was if we got married.

For a fleeting moment, I'd thought that she'd want the same thing. In my mind, I had

pictured her running toward me as soon as she heard and falling into my arms, but this was the opposite. A heart-wrenching opposite.

"I'll go talk to her," Keith said as he got up from his chair.

The world fell into place again. "No, I'll go," I said as I got up from my chair and started to walk away.

"Bruce!" Keith called.

I stopped and turned to hear what he had to say. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry for what I did back in college. It was a low blow, and I'm sorry to have ruined our friendship over it."

I managed a brief smile before I nodded and left. For years, I'd been looking forward to hearing the words from him – just for him to admit it and apologize, and it never happened. Now that it did, I didn't know what or how I felt. I had way more important things to deal with.

**

I picked up my phone as soon as I reached the hotel and dialed Diana's number. She didn't answer, and so I rang her again and again until she finally did.

"I don't want to talk," she said as soon as she answered.

"I do. Please, just hear me out. Let me up."

There was a small silence before she sighed. "Okay." My heart soared, and I had a smile on my face as I entered the elevators that led me up to her living room. She was standing there, waiting, no longer in the clothes that she had on at the Dunkleys. She had on a cotton shorts set that reminded me of every delectable curve that she possessed.

"What do you want, Bruce?" She asked, stopping me dead in my tracks.

"I want you," I said. "I want to marry you."

She crossed her arms. "No."

"Diana, don't stand there and pretend like we aren't good for each other. We are."

"If you wanted to marry me, you would

have come to me first. You wouldn't have gone to my dad and made this whole plan about my life and my future without discussing it with me first!" She exclaimed.

I sighed and nodded. "You're right. I should have come to you first, and I'm sorry."

"I don't want two dads, Bruce. I don't want you controlling my life or making decisions behind my back."

"I won't. This was just… it happened so fast, and I just wanted you to be happy."

She sighed as she turned around and went to take a seat. "We haven't even established what we are as yet…"

I sat beside her. "Diana, I can't think straight when you're around me, my every thought revolves around you. You own me, you control me, because if I were to lose you, I'd be nothing…" I stared into her big brown eyes and said the word that I wanted to say for a while now. She seemed shocked that I said that, but I also saw the way her gaze softened and the tears that pooled into her eyes.

"I love you, and yes, I might have gone about this marriage idea all wrong, but this

wasn't just some business arrangement or a way to get ourselves out of a muck. I love you, I want you and this baby by my side, and I want to make you my wife because the idea of a lifetime with you would make me the happiest man alive. I'll devote my entire life to making you and our baby just as happy."

I searched her face, saw the way her lips quivered. "Bruce… I love you too."

My shoulders fell in relief, and my heart expanded with a type of happiness that I had never experienced before in my life.

"And I'd love to marry you for all the right reasons because you make me the happiest."

I laughed as I reached for her and took her in my arms, kissing her passionately. Her slender hands curled around my neck, her fingers lacing through my hair as she kissed me, her sweet, petite body pressed against me. I pulled away from her, peeled off my shirt and re-planted my lips to hers as I carried her to the bedroom.

After placing her on the bed, I took my time to strip her of every article of clothing,

leaving her naked as she laid there, waiting for me. I finished stripping myself, my eyes never leaving her until we were both naked.

I climbed on top of the bed and lowered my face to hers, teasing her with the warmth of my breath and gently brushing my lips against hers. She raised her head for a kiss, but I denied it, smiling as I lowered my mouth to her ear.

"I want you to touch yourself for me," I said, watching the way her brown eyes slightly widened. She gasped, and I watched her as I sat at the end of the bed, having the perfect view of her mound.

She licked her lips and looked down at me, her hands slowly trailing down her body, across her stomach and to the gentle rise of her pussy. I swallowed hard as she parted her legs and exposed her flesh to me. I planted my gaze on her, watching every movement, observing the way her arousal shimmered on her ivory skin. Her fingers lingered right above her clit while she used the other hand to grab her full breast, squeezing gently while her hard, pink nipple moved between her

fingers.

She closed her eyes and released a moan that rang through the room like a soft melody. My gaze lowered to her crotch again, and I watched with bated breath as she slid her middle finger downward, dipping it into her wet pussy and lubricating it with her juices before she brought it back to her clit, completely doused with her wetness.

Her body gently writhed on the bed as she rubbed the sensitive nub, her fingers just faintly grazing over it, but I could see how much pleasure she was getting from it. I could almost taste it on my lips. She gasped again, moving her finger along, collecting more of her wetness again before she caressed herself. All the while, she was molding her breasts in her hand, taking her time to caress each one, occasionally tugging at her pointy nipples.

My hand moved down to my cock because I simply couldn't just watch without touching myself. I grasped the tip of my cock in my hand and gently rubbed it, my eyes strained on Diana.

She moaned, licked her lips, and then

she lowered that slender finger into her pussy. Her back slightly arched as she sunk her long finger into her soft flesh, slowly allowing it to disappear inside her.

My cock pulsed with arousal and a need to pull away her hands and drive my cock inside her, but this was too good. The way she was making herself moan, the way her entire body was flustered from her own administrations.

Diana parted her legs further apart and drove her fingers deep, gently thrusting them back and forth as her moans grew more intense. Her juicy core started to cream, trailing juices down to her ass. I clenched my teeth and continued to rub my length, my body on fire as I watched her.

“Oh, Bruce,” she mewled, closing her eyes and moaning loudly. Just when I thought it couldn’t get any better, she added her ring finger, and I watched as her flesh parted to accommodate another finger, even more juices flowing from her.

I muttered a curse and clenched my teeth, holding onto every bit of restraint I

had. Diana's movements increased as she started thrusting her fingers deeper. Both her fingers were lathered with her wetness, and I couldn't breathe much less think. She was no longer tense, her body was fluid as she abandoned herself to her pleasures.

Her back arched, her body writhed on the bed, and she squeezed her breast tightly before she stiffened and moaned my name. Her small body quivered as her orgasm coursed through her, her fingers still buried deep as her whole body convulsed.

Her chest rose and fell with her heavy breaths and that was when I could finally move. Diana withdrew her finger and gasped, resting them against her stomach. I moved up and towered over her, lifting her fingers to my mouth where I sucked off her essence, all that wetness that I'd inspired. She watched with her eyes all sultry, her gaze strained on my mouth. I then lowered my lips to hers and kissed her passionately, gaining a moan from her.

My cock brushed her wet mound, and the kiss deepened. Just then, I directed my

rock-hard erection inside her, sheathing myself with her wet, hot pussy. She moaned against my lips, and I kissed her hungrily, sinking my cock deeper and deeper until I was buried inside her tight, little cavern.

I slipped my hand beneath her ass and bucked inside her, my cock swelling with each thrust. Diana was already moaning uncontrollably, her pussy still sensitive. I knew I wouldn't last long, not when the image of her pumping herself with her fingers was still so fresh in my head. I only managed to slide inside her a couple of times before the pressure intensified, Diana hugged my length like a vice grip, and that was where I lost all my wits.

This time, though, just as my cum raced to the tip of my cock, I pulled out and sprayed it all over her stomach. She looked up at me and giggled before I collapsed beside her on the bed.

"We're gonna have so much fun when you move in with me," I whispered.

She grinned and snuggled up to me. "I'm looking forward to every bit of it."

I smiled. “I love you.”

“I love you too.”

I kissed her on the forehead and took in a whiff of her scent – our scent, and I knew this was home. She was my person.

Epilogue

1 year later

.

Diana

"What do you think he wants to talk about?" Bruce asked as he pulled on his shirt.

I shrugged. "I'm not sure. He never really mentioned anything to me," I said as I looked over at the baby sleeping in the crib.

"Do you think he's actually okay with the idea of us being together?" Bruce asked, his brows furrowed.

I laughed. "Bruce, we're married. I think it's a little bit too late for him to be considering that."

"I know, but your father is a complicated man," he said.

"Well, he should be here any minute now, so we'll find out then," I said as I moved towards him and kissed him lightly on the lips. Just as I was about to step away, he circled my

waist with his large hands and pulled me into him. I giggled and looked up at him, seeing the smile on his face, the admiration in his eyes.

"I love you," he said, and I could feel the warmth spread to my cheeks.

"I love you, too," I said, on tippy toes as I stretched to kiss him again. This time, it lingered, and my stomach had that fluttery feeling again that left me weak in the knees. "I can't believe we're married with a kid," I laughed again, my forehead pressed against his.

He chuckled. "You have no idea how happy you've made me this past year," he said. "You've given so much meaning to my life, I don't even have the words to describe it."

My eyes stung at his words and my lips quivered as I smiled. "You don't have to… I know exactly how you feel because I feel the same way too."

He smiled. "And we're killing this parenting thing, aren't we?" he asked, humor to his tone.

I grinned as both our gazes shifted to the sleeping baby in the crib. “We made the perfect little human being,” I said, my voice almost a whisper.

“We did, and you’re a great mom.”

I glanced back at him and smirked. “You’re not too bad yourself,” I teased, and he laughed. “I should go take a shower before my dad gets here.”

“Want some company?” he raised a brow.

“I’d say yes, but you need to watch the baby. He could wake up at any second now,” I said as I walked to the adjoining bathroom.

He glanced at his phone. “We can be quick!”

“Bruce!” I squealed when he ran towards me. I giggled as we ran to the bathroom with him behind me.

**

The doorbell rang later that morning when Bruce and I had finished with our

shower, ate breakfast and even fed the baby. I had started to think that my Dad wouldn't make it, but now I was sure that it had to be him. I glanced at Bruce who had the baby in a rocker, rocking him back to sleep.

"That should be him," I said as I got up and walked to the front door. When I opened it, I got the confirmation I needed.

I smiled and pushed the door open. "Dad, I was wondering if you'd changed your mind. Come in."

He chuckled. "I got caught up with some work. Being mayor is a tough job, sweetheart," he said as he entered and kissed me on the cheeks.

"I can just imagine. But you're doing a wonderful job, and you should know that I'm proud."

He smiled. "Well, that's all I ever wanted in life," he winked. "Now where's that handsome grandson of mine," he asked as his eyes searched the house.

"He's out back with Bruce." We both walked out back where Bruce was, smiling down at Bryson who was knocked out cold

again.

As soon as Bruce saw my father, he stood from around a small table he was sitting and stretched out a hand. “Keith…”

“Bruce..”

I cleared my throat and offered my dad a chair before we all sat around the small table. Dad took a second to admire Bryson, trailing his thumb over his little hands before he looked up and met both of our gazes.

“You must be wondering why I’m here,” he began.

“Dad, you know you’re welcome here at any time.”

He smiled. “Thank you, sweetheart, but I’ve been thinking long and hard, and I think it’s time I did something about it – well, at least put the idea to you two and hear what you think…”

My brows furrowed. “What is it, Dad?”

He straightened in his chair. “I was thinking that we could merge both our companies,” he said, and I stiffened in my chair, unable to believe that the words were

coming from his mouth.

"For over a decade, our businesses have always been trying to be better than the other and part of that was because of our personal vendettas. Since we're family now, and I'm busy with being mayor of the city, I think a merge would be in our best interests. You'd both have the power to run both of them."

I glanced at Bruce, my mouth partially open as tried to wrap my head around what my father was saying. He didn't seem as shocked as I was, and that was surprising.

"Dad, are you sure about this? Where is this coming from?" I asked.

"Bruce's idea was what inspired me to start up this business in the first place. It's only fair that I hand over the reins to both of you now. And, of course, I'll still be part of the company, regardless. I just won't be the face of it."

"Well, I'm on board with it," Bruce said, and my head snapped toward him.

"Are you sure about that?"

He smiled. "As Keith said, we're a

family now, and a merger will yield great benefits. It's a smart idea."

I gasped and choked a laugh in the process. "Gosh, I never thought I'd see the day when Bruce Allen and Keith Dunkley finally set their feelings aside and come together to agree on something."

Dad grinned. "That's all thanks to you, sweetheart. If it hadn't been for you, I don't know how any of this would have been possible."

"I second that," Bruce winked, and I blushed.

"Well, I'm just happy to be a part of both your lives, and I agree about the merger, it's a great idea."

My Dad slapped his hands to the counter as he stood. "Well, then, it's settled. We can meet again to discuss this in greater detail, but I have a meeting in the next twenty minutes, so I should really get going." He hugged me and paused as he glanced at Bruce.

A small tension penetrated the air around us, but then my Dad smiled and pulled in Bruce for a hug, patting him on the

shoulder. “Thanks for taking care of my two favorite people, Allen. I’ll always appreciate that,” he said as he gave a curt nod and headed for the exit.

I saw him out before I returned to Bruce, who looked a little confused. “Well, that just happened,” he chuckled.

I grinned. “This is good,” I said as I approached him and wrapped my hands around him.

“It is, but are you sure you want to leave politics to run a company?” he asked.

“I’m sure I want to leave politics to be your business partner,” I said as I kissed him lightly. “And plus, I’m happy that I got the chance to help my dad in becoming mayor. That’s one thing I ticked off my bucket list.”

He caressed my cheek with his thumb. “Well then, once again, you’ve made me feel like the happiest man alive.”

“I’m the happy one.”

He pulled me into his arms and hugged me tight. I closed my eyes as I lay my head on his chest, breathed in his fresh scent and just

reveled in the feeling of being in his arms. Life was perfect, and I didn't want to leave his side for even a second. I was now living out more than just a fantasy. My reality was extraordinary.

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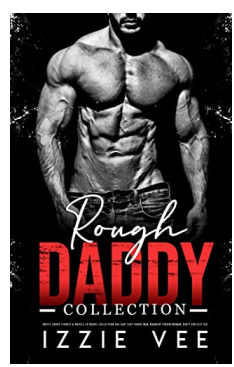

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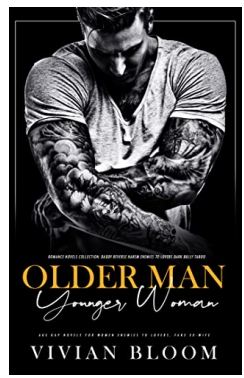

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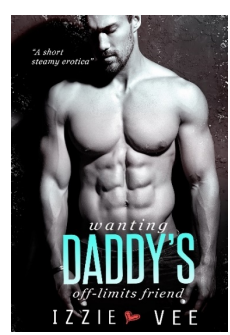

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SAMPLE

I couldn't believe that I was about to head off to college and never had a sexual experience in my life. The person I considered my boyfriend in my senior years of high school was initially the person I thought I would take the big step with but later found that he only had one intention in mind, and that was to fuck the only girl in our year who was rumored to still be a virgin – me. It had hurt, and I had broken off the relationship with a few heated words thrown at him but later realized there wasn't much I wanted out of the relationship either rather than sex.

I didn't want to be a virgin anymore, so I picked the boy that had given me the most attention and decided that he was the one. Unfortunately, he wasn't and here I was, about to head off to college with my hymen intact.

If it were only based on desire alone, then my dream guy would be the one who came over to my house every now and then with all his charm and kindness. He was the first crush I ever had, but I knew there was nothing I could make of the relationship

considering he was my father's best friend.

Connor was everything I wanted in a man; he was sweet, kind, caring, incredibly handsome, and packing for his age. He taught gym at the college that I was accepted into, which made my excitement all the more profound. Dad said that Connor would be there to look out for me as he had always done, and I … ***To continue reading get your FREE DOWNLOAD HERE.***